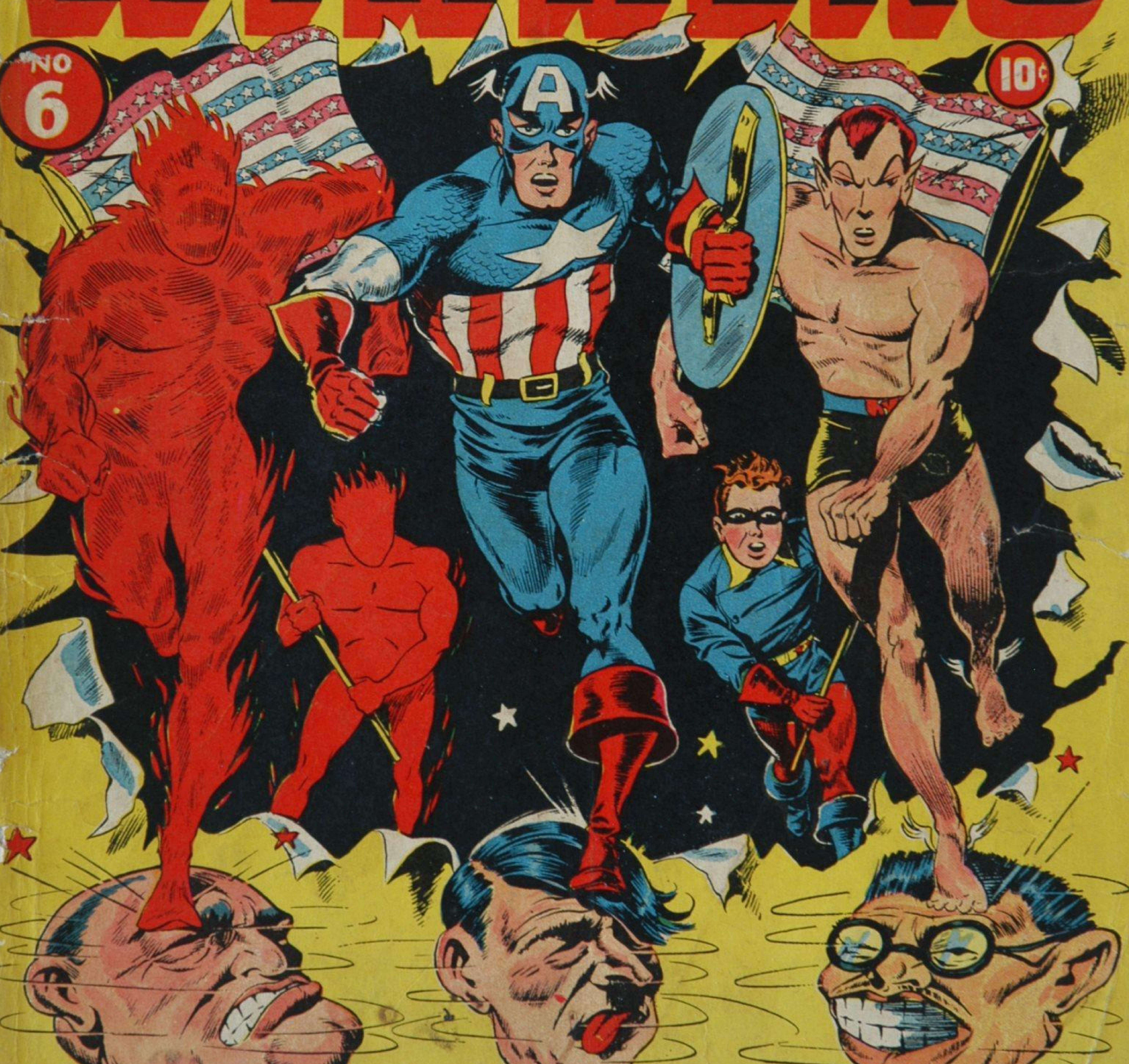
STARRING
THE HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE SUB MARINER

FALL ISSUE

ALL WINNERS

No 6

10¢



FOR VICTORY

ALL WINNERS

Number
6

Stan Lee,
Editor

TIMELY
COMICS

THE HUMAN TORCH

THE DESTROYER

CAPTAIN AMERICA

THE BLACK AVENGER

THE SUB MARINER

AMERICA'S SMASH SUCCESSES!
First **KRAZY KOMICS** — *Now* **TERRYTOONS**

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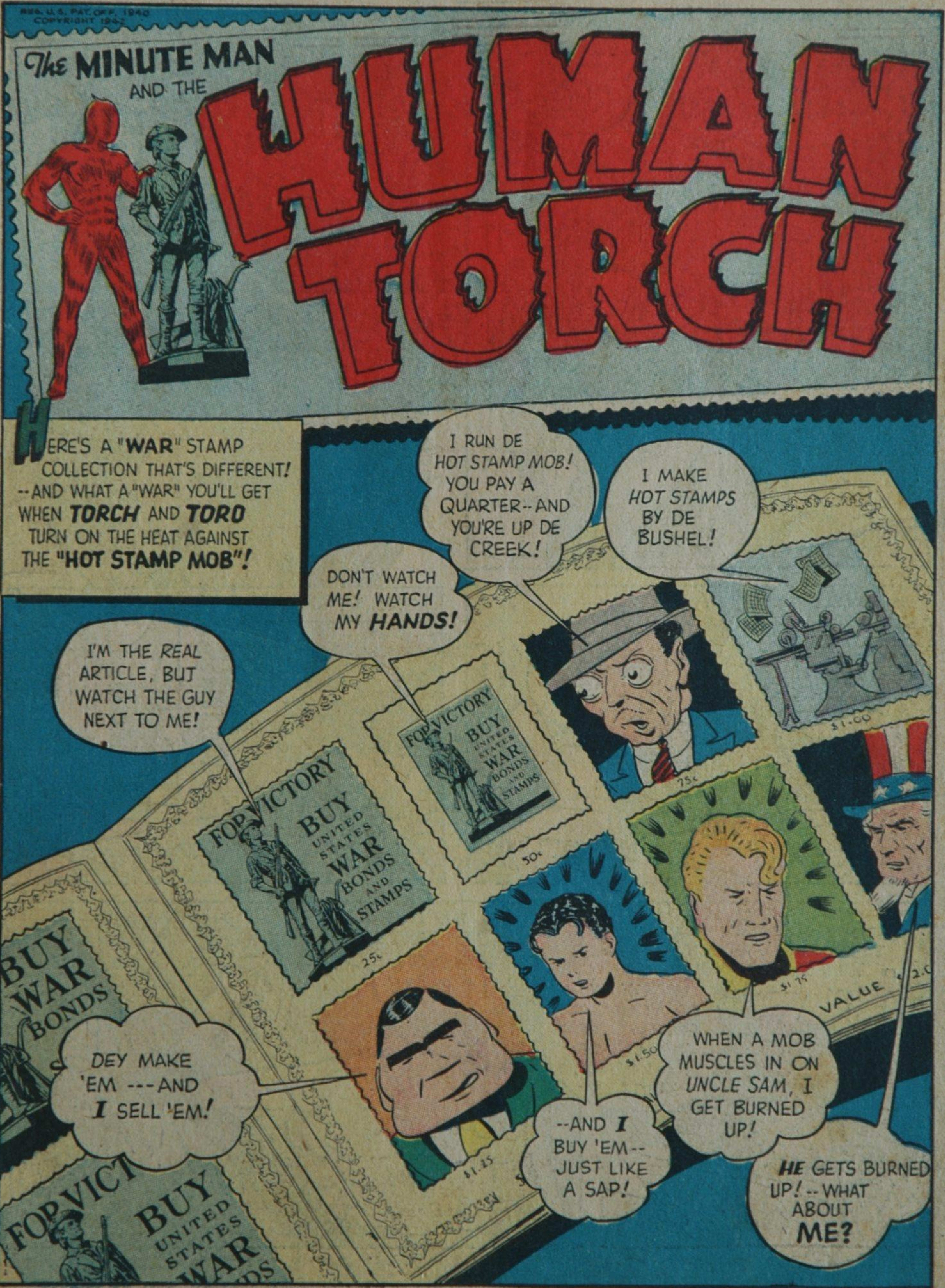
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
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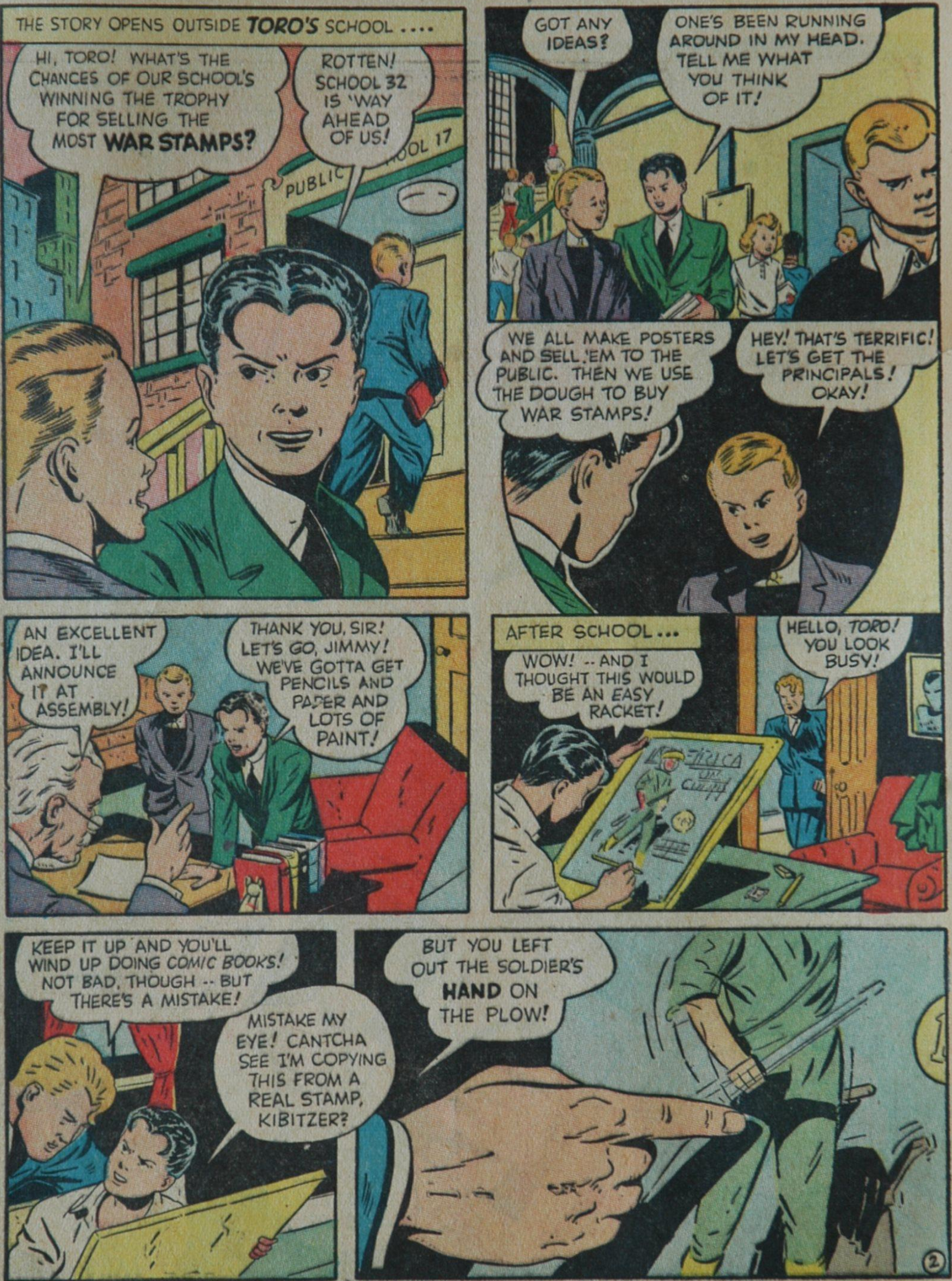
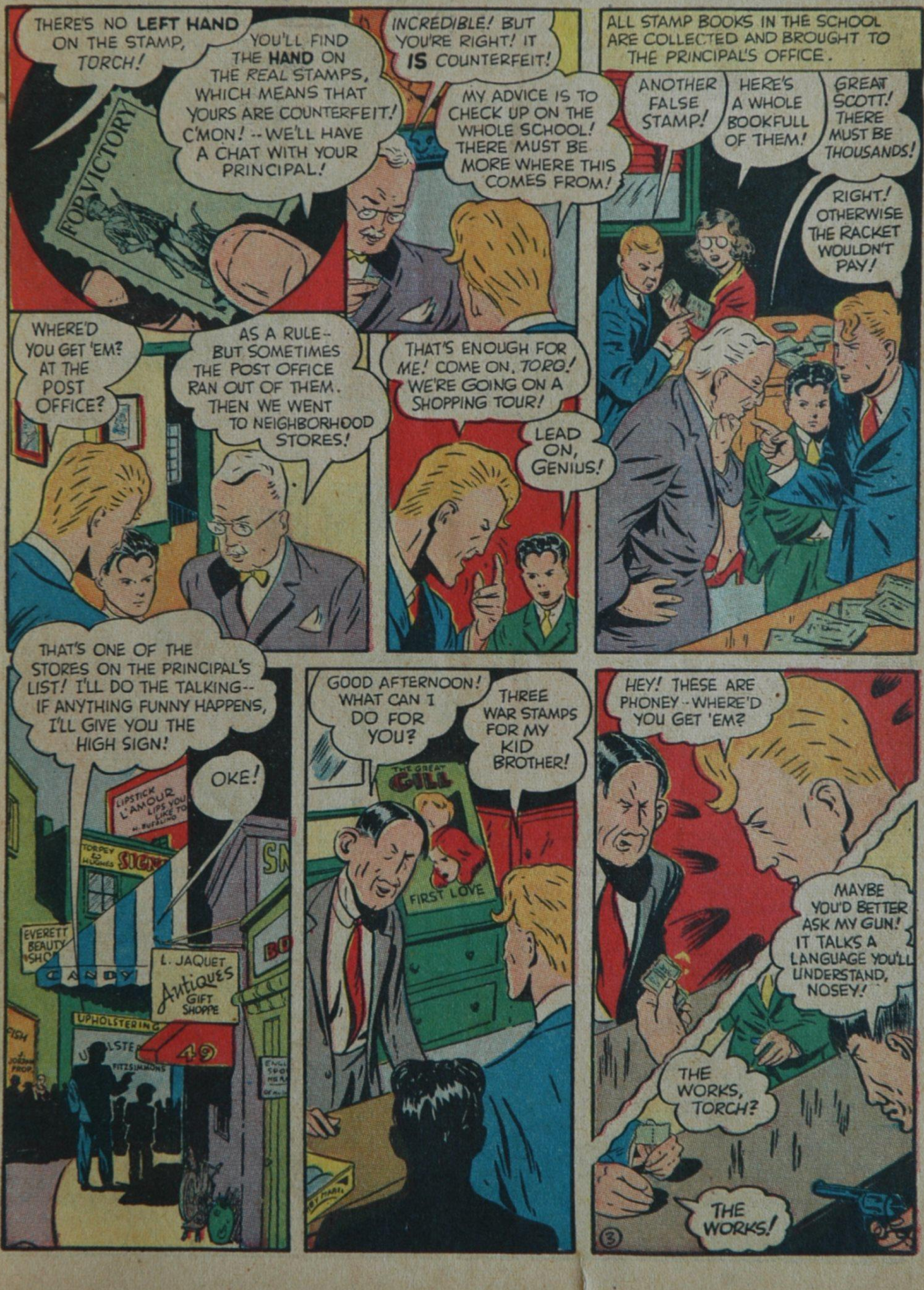
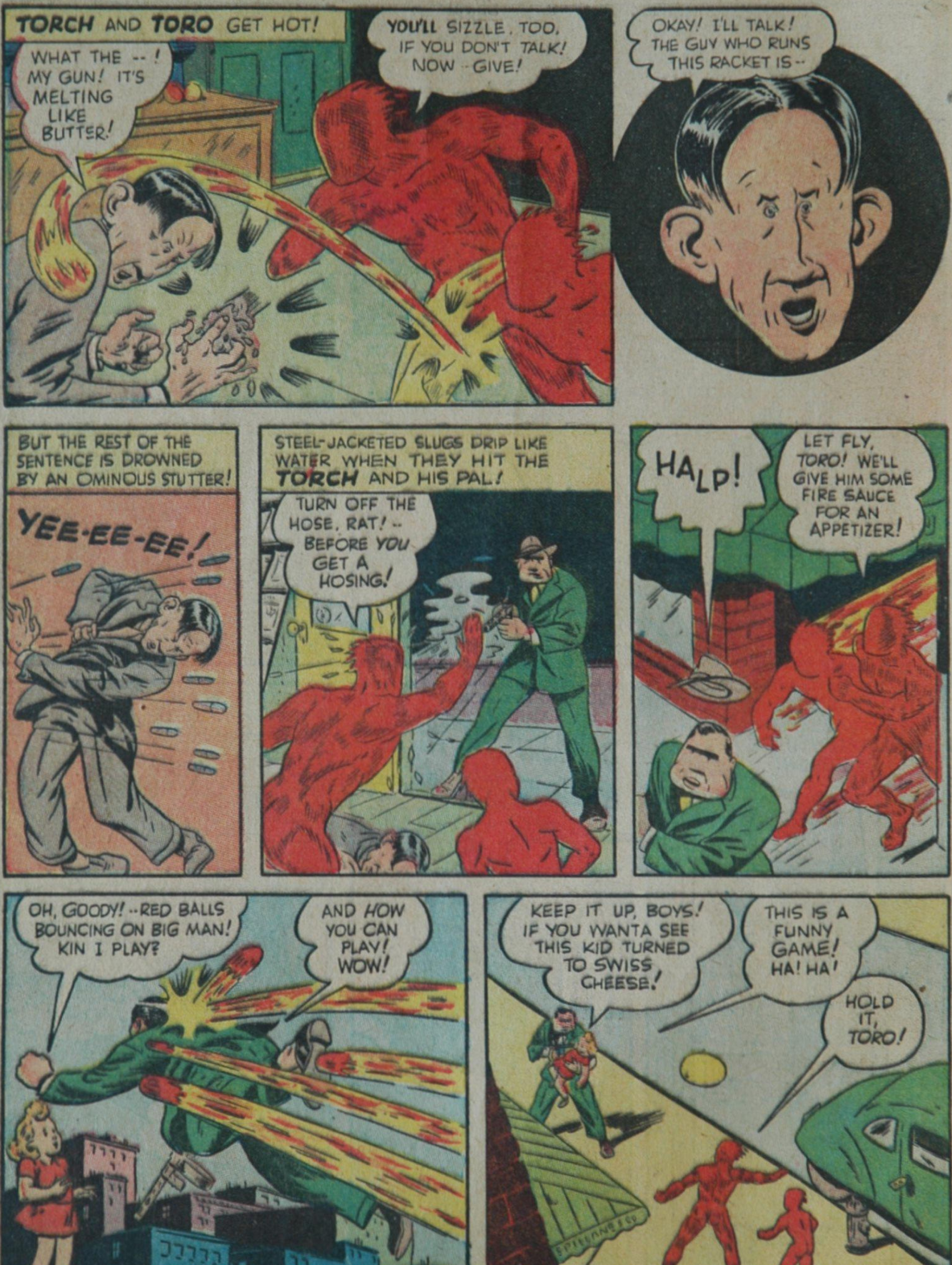
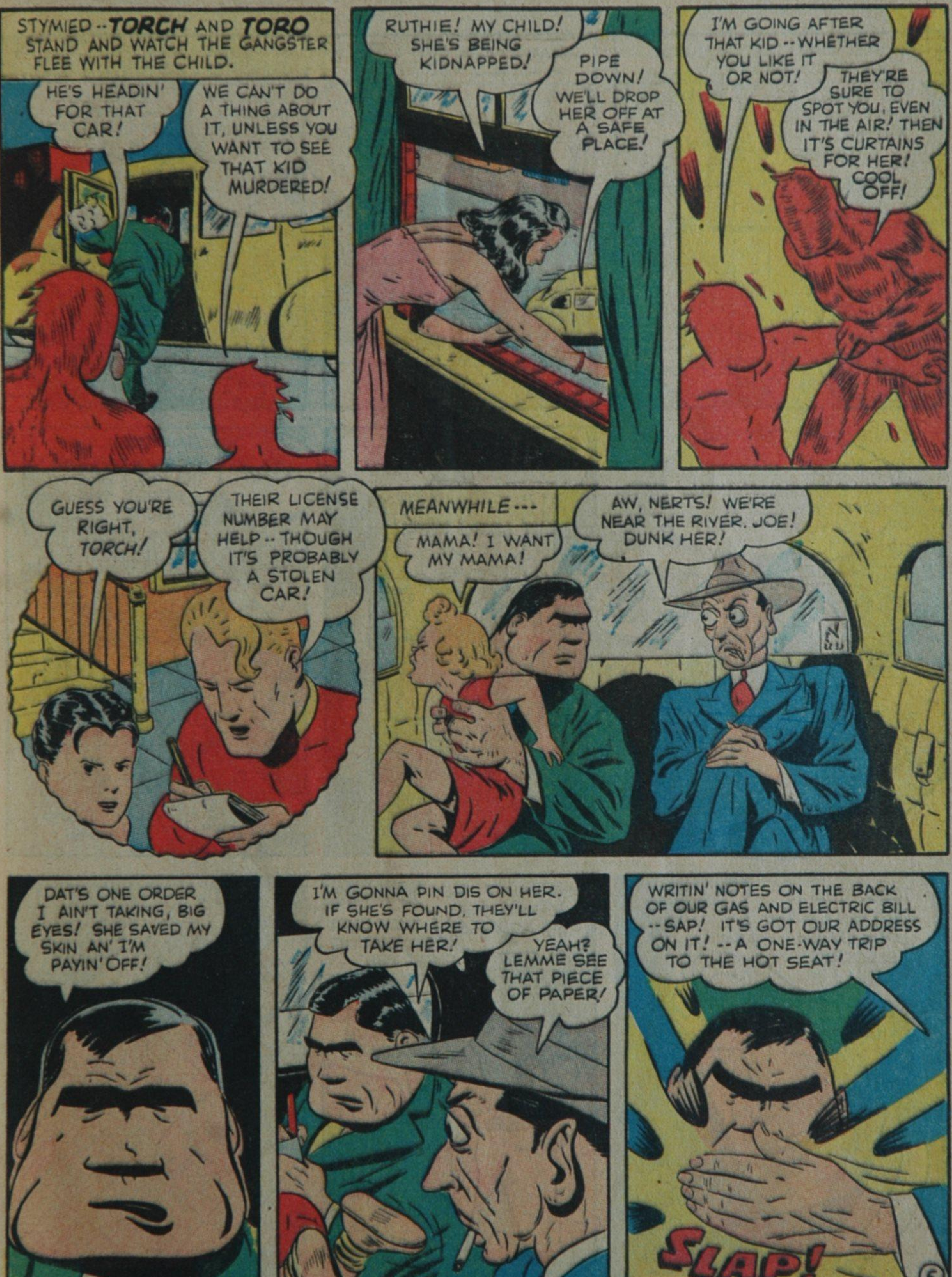
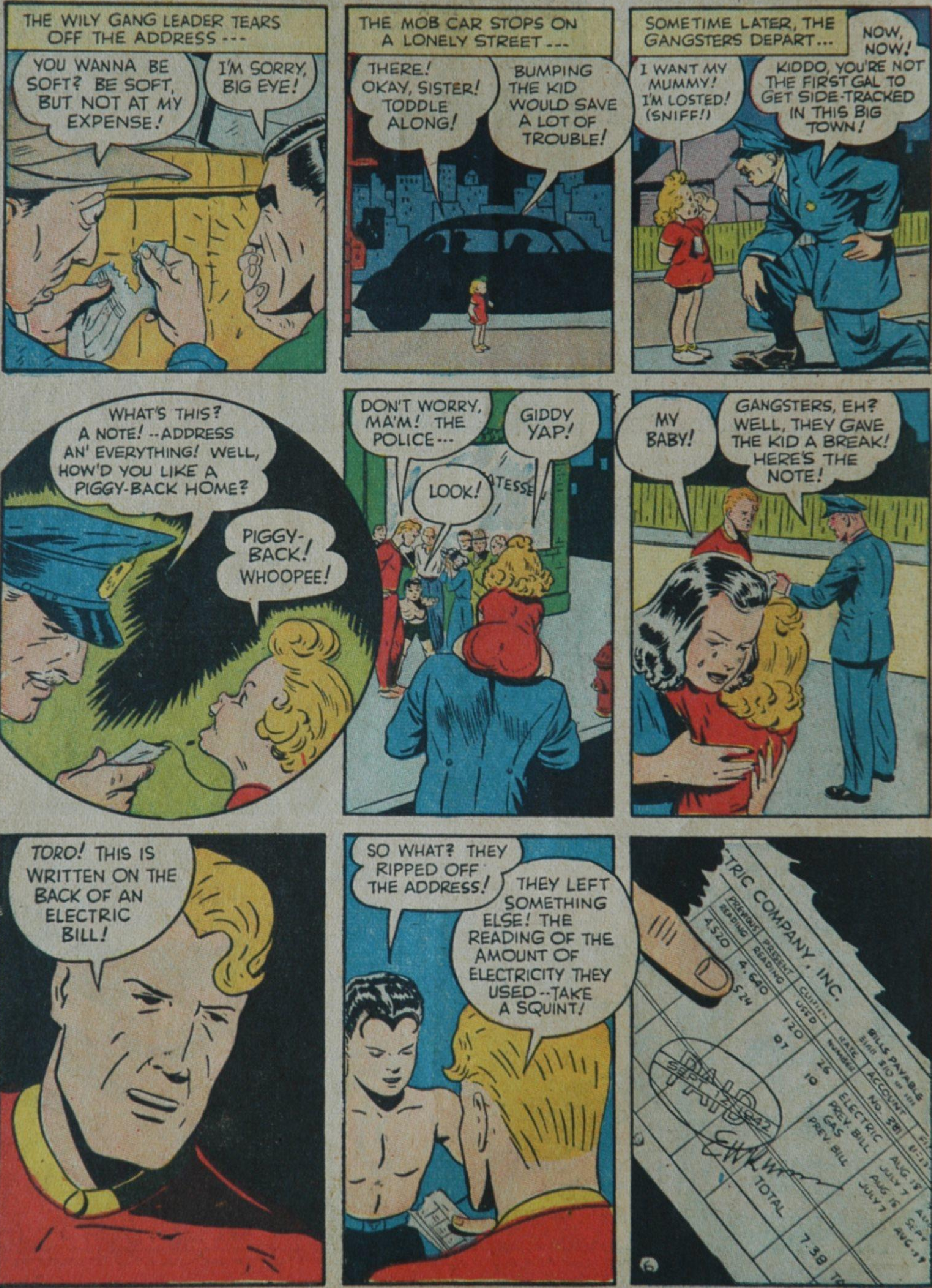
The MINUTE MAN AND THE
HUMAN TORCH
HERE'S A "WAR" STAMP COLLECTION THAT'S DIFFERENT! --AND WHAT A "WAR" YOU'LL GET WHEN TORCH AND TORO TURN ON THE HEAT AGAINST THE "HOT STAMP MOB"!
I RUN DE HOT STAMP MOB! YOU PAY A QUARTER--AND YOU'RE UP DE CREEK!
I MAKE HOT STAMPS BY DE BUSHEL!
DON'T WATCH ME! WATCH MY HANDS!
I'M THE REAL ARTICLE, BUT WATCH THE GUY NEXT TO ME!
FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
BUY WAR BONDS
$1.00
75¢
50¢
25¢
$1.75
$1.50
$1.25
VALUE
DEY MAKE 'EM ---AND I SELL 'EM!
--AND I BUY 'EM-- JUST LIKE A SAP!
WHEN A MOB MUSCLES IN ON UNCLE SAM, I GET BURNED UP!
HE GETS BURNED UP! --WHAT ABOUT ME?
FOR VICT BUY UNITED STATES WAR

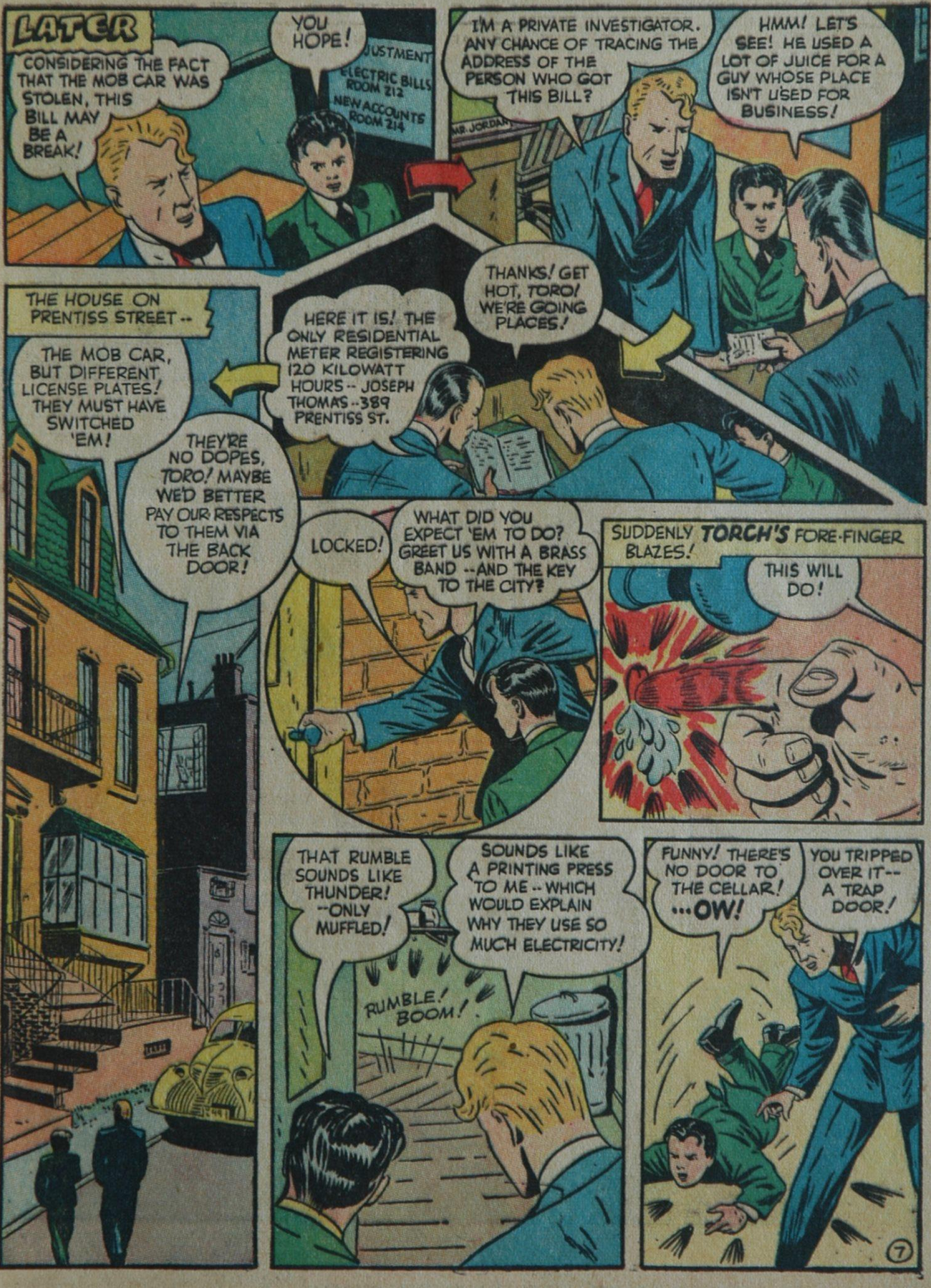

THE STORY OPENS OUTSIDE TORO'S SCHOOL....
HI, TORO! WHAT'S THE CHANCES OF OUR SCHOOL'S WINNING THE TROPHY FOR SELLING THE MOST WAR STAMPS?
ROTTEN! SCHOOL 32 IS 'WAY AHEAD OF US!
PUBLIC SCHOOL 17
GOT ANY IDEAS?
ONE'S BEEN RUNNING AROUND IN MY HEAD. TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT!
WE ALL MAKE POSTERS AND SELL 'EM TO THE PUBLIC. THEN WE USE THE DOUGH TO BUY WAR STAMPS!
HEY! THAT'S TERRIFIC! LET'S GET THE PRINCIPALS! OKAY!
AN EXCELLENT IDEA. I'LL ANNOUNCE IT AT ASSEMBLY!
THANK YOU, SIR! LET'S GO, JIMMY! WE'VE GOTTA GET PENCILS AND PAPER AND LOTS OF PAINT!
AFTER SCHOOL...
WOW! --AND I THOUGHT THIS WOULD BE AN EASY RACKET!
HELLO, TORO! YOU LOOK BUSY!
KEEP IT UP AND YOU'LL WIND UP DOING COMIC BOOKS! NOT BAD, THOUGH -- BUT THERE'S A MISTAKE!
MISTAKE MY EYE! CANTCHA SEE I'M COPYING THIS FROM A REAL STAMP, KIBITZER?
BUT YOU LEFT OUT THE SOLDIER'S HAND ON THE PLOW!

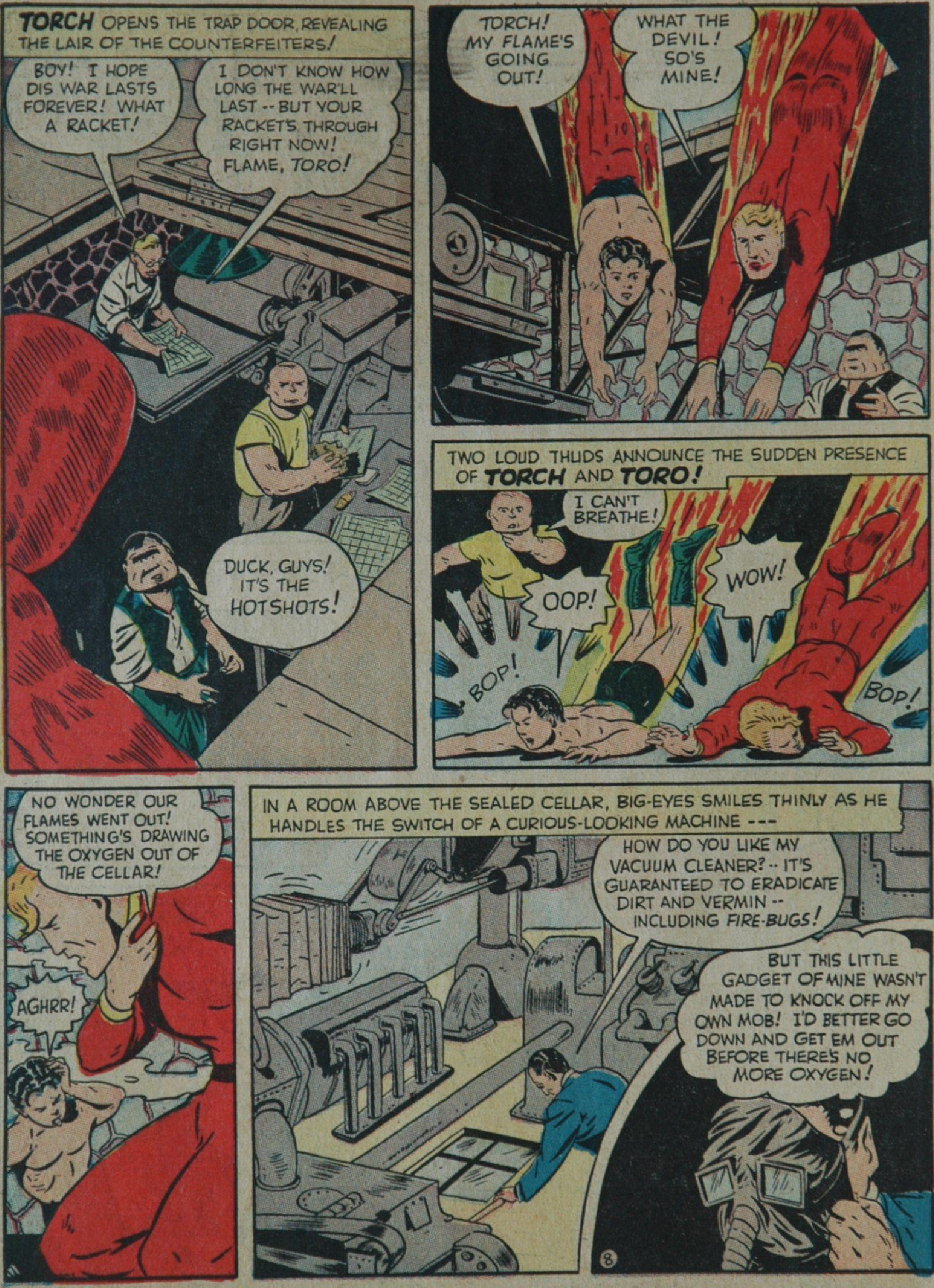

THERE'S NO LEFT HAND ON THE STAMP, TORCH!
FOR VICTORY
YOU'LL FIND THE HAND ON THE REAL STAMPS, WHICH MEANS THAT YOURS ARE COUNTERFEIT! C'MON! -- WE'LL HAVE A CHAT WITH YOUR PRINCIPAL!
INCREDIBLE! BUT YOU'RE RIGHT! IT IS COUNTERFEIT!
MY ADVICE IS TO CHECK UP ON THE WHOLE SCHOOL! THERE MUST BE MORE WHERE THIS COMES FROM!
ALL STAMP BOOKS IN THE SCHOOL ARE COLLECTED AND BROUGHT TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE.
ANOTHER FALSE STAMP!
HERE'S A WHOLE BOOKFULL OF THEM!
GREAT SCOTT! THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS!
RIGHT! OTHERWISE THE RACKET WOULDN'T PAY!
WHERE'D YOU GET 'EM? AT THE POST OFFICE?
AS A RULE-- BUT SOMETIMES THE POST OFFICE RAN OUT OF THEM. THEN WE WENT TO NEIGHBORHOOD STORES!
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME! COME ON, TORO! WE'RE GOING ON A SHOPPING TOUR!
LEAD ON, GENIUS!
THAT'S ONE OF THE STORES ON THE PRINCIPAL'S LIST! I'LL DO THE TALKING-- IF ANYTHING FUNNY HAPPENS, I'LL GIVE YOU THE HIGH SIGN!
OKE!
LIPSTICK L'AMOUR LIPS YOU LIKE TO
TORPEY & HUGHES SIGN
EVERETT BEAUTY SHO
CANDY
L. JAQUET Antiques GIFT SHOPPE
UPHOLSTERING
49
FISH
FITZSIMMONS
GOOD AFTERNOON! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
THREE WAR STAMPS FOR MY KID BROTHER!
THE GREAT GILL
FIRST LOVE
HEY! THESE ARE PHONEY -- WHERE'D YOU GET 'EM?
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER ASK MY GUN! IT TALKS A LANGUAGE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND, NOSEY!
THE WORKS, TORCH?
THE WORKS!

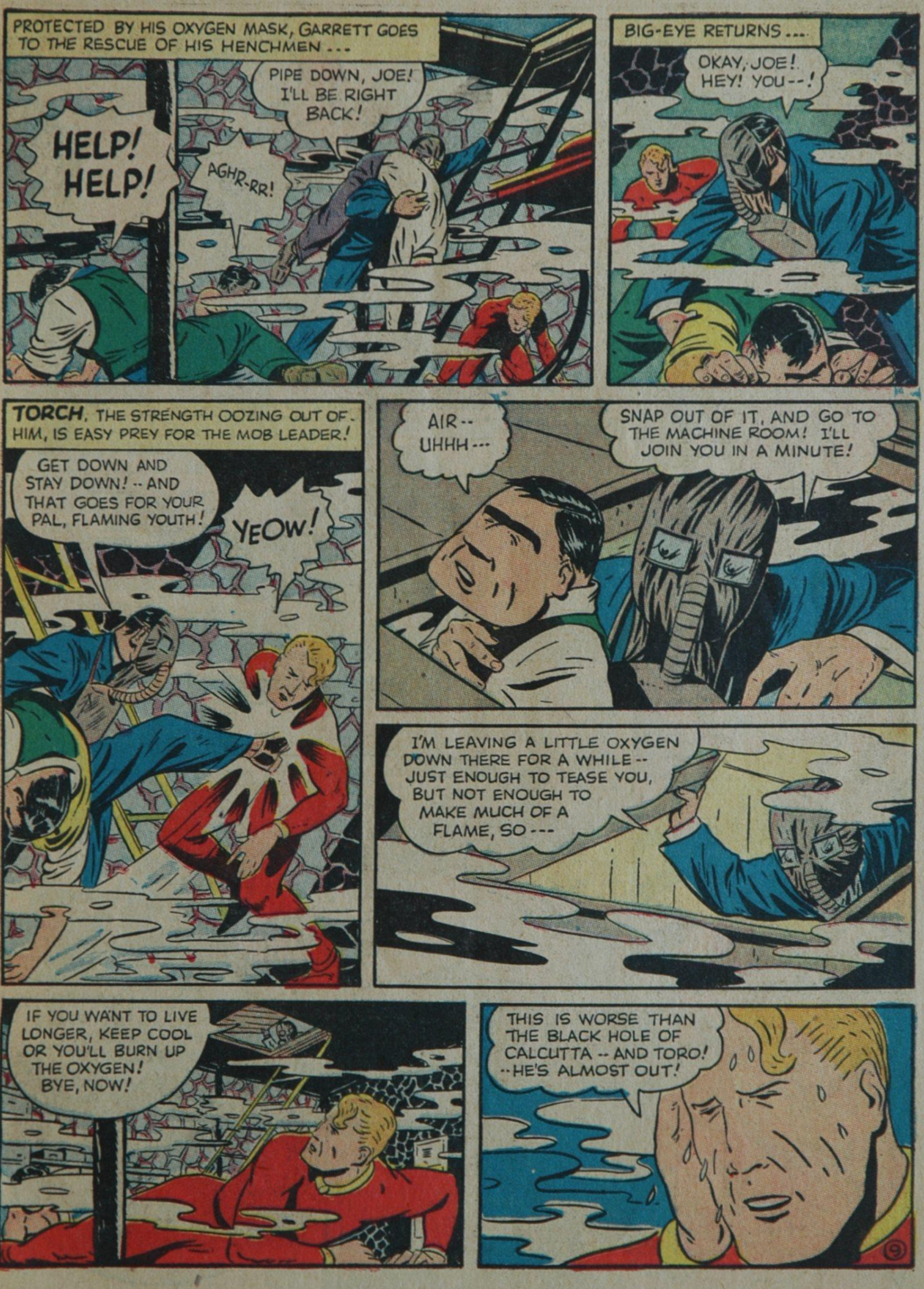

TORCH AND TORO GET HOT!
WHAT THE --! MY GUN! IT'S MELTING LIKE BUTTER!
YOU'LL SIZZLE, TOO, IF YOU DON'T TALK! NOW--GIVE!
OKAY! I'LL TALK! THE GUY WHO RUNS THIS RACKET IS--
BUT THE REST OF THE SENTENCE IS DROWNED BY AN OMINOUS STUTTER!
YEE-EE-EE!
STEEL-JACKETED SLUGS DRIP LIKE WATER WHEN THEY HIT THE TORCH AND HIS PAL!
TURN OFF THE HOSE, RAT! -- BEFORE YOU GET A HOSING!
HALP!
LET FLY, TORO! WE'LL GIVE HIM SOME FIRE SAUCE FOR AN APPETIZER!
OH, GOODY! -- RED BALLS BOUNCING ON BIG MAN! KIN I PLAY?
AND HOW YOU CAN PLAY! WOW!
KEEP IT UP, BOYS! IF YOU WANTA SEE THIS KID TURNED TO SWISS CHEESE!
THIS IS A FUNNY GAME! HA! HA!
HOLD IT, TORO!
4

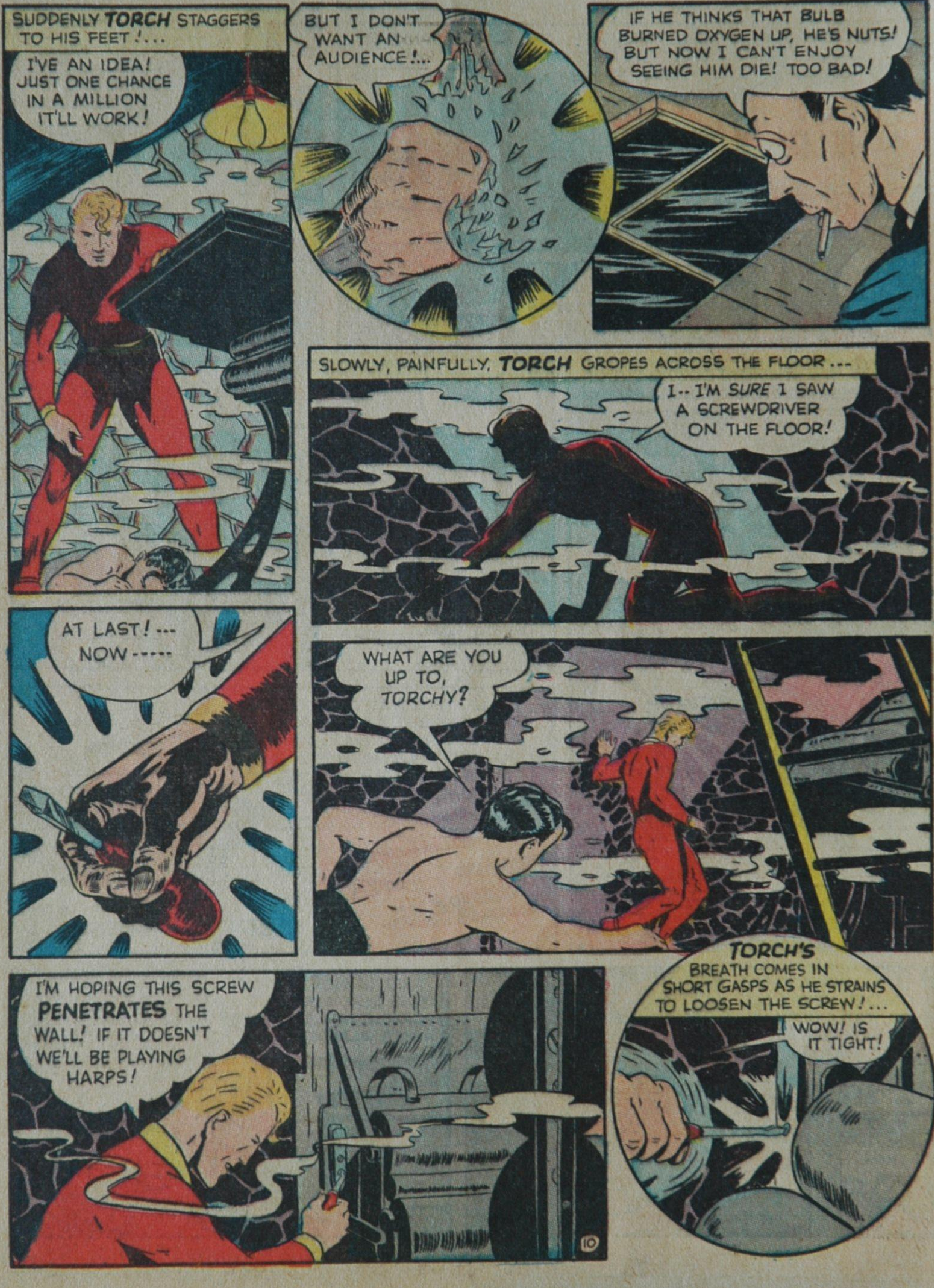

STYMIED -- TORCH AND TORO STAND AND WATCH THE GANGSTER FLEE WITH THE CHILD.
HE'S HEADIN' FOR THAT CAR!
WE CAN'T DO A THING ABOUT IT, UNLESS YOU WANT TO SEE THAT KID MURDERED!
RUTHIE! MY CHILD! SHE'S BEING KIDNAPPED!
PIPE DOWN! WE'LL DROP HER OFF AT A SAFE PLACE!
I'M GOING AFTER THAT KID -- WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!
THEY'RE SURE TO SPOT YOU, EVEN IN THE AIR! THEN IT'S CURTAINS FOR HER! COOL OFF!
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, TORCH!
THEIR LICENSE NUMBER MAY HELP -- THOUGH IT'S PROBABLY A STOLEN CAR!
MEANWHILE ---
MAMA! I WANT MY MAMA!
AW, NERTS! WE'RE NEAR THE RIVER, JOE! DUNK HER!
DAT'S ONE ORDER I AIN'T TAKING, BIG EYES! SHE SAVED MY SKIN AN' I'M PAYIN' OFF!
I'M GONNA PIN DIS ON HER. IF SHE'S FOUND, THEY'LL KNOW WHERE TO TAKE HER!
YEAH? LEMME SEE THAT PIECE OF PAPER!
WRITIN' NOTES ON THE BACK OF OUR GAS AND ELECTRIC BILL -- SAP! IT'S GOT OUR ADDRESS ON IT! -- A ONE-WAY TRIP TO THE HOT SEAT!
SLAP!

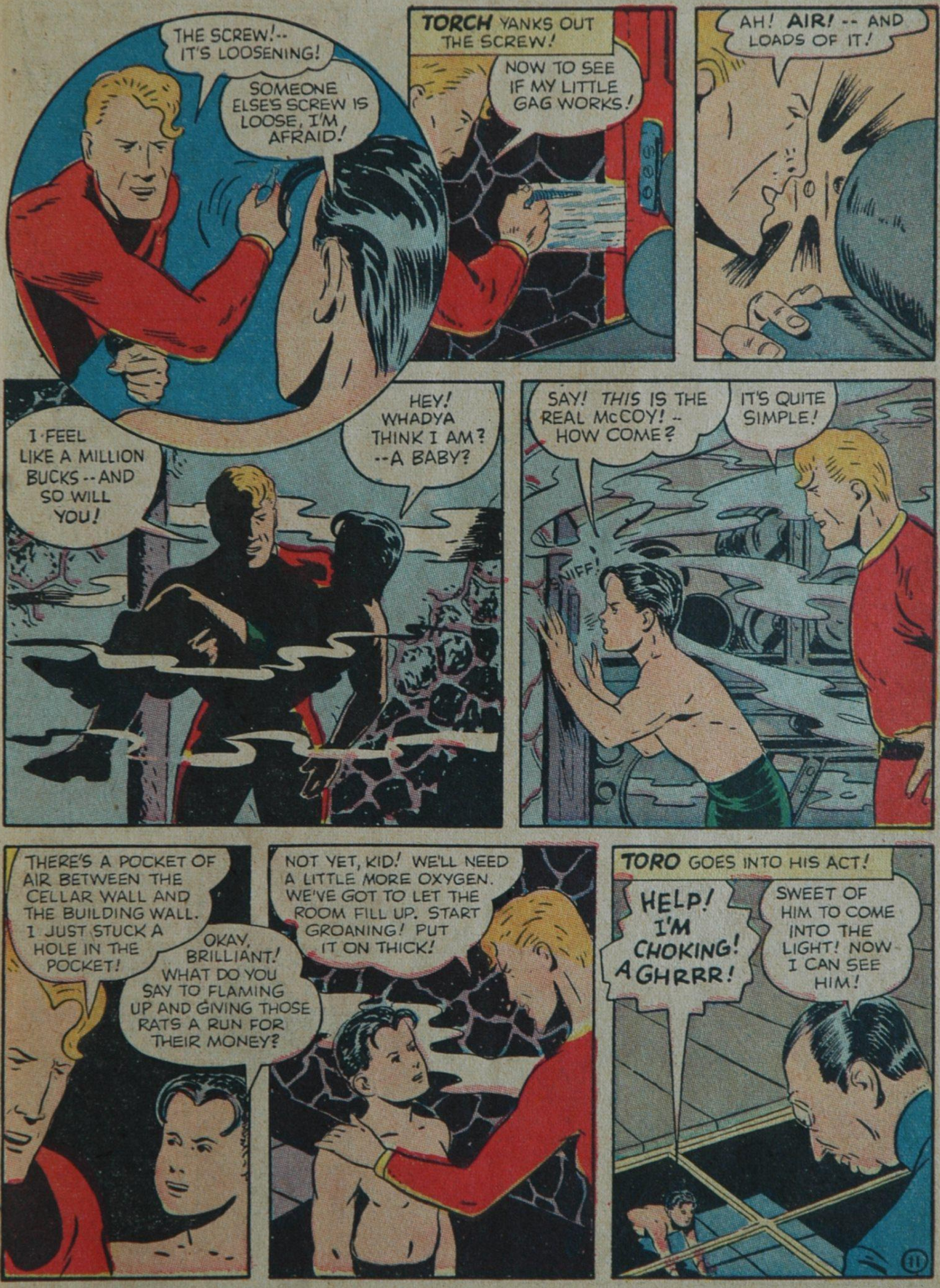

THE WILY GANG LEADER TEARS OFF THE ADDRESS ---
YOU WANNA BE SOFT? BE SOFT, BUT NOT AT MY EXPENSE!
I'M SORRY, BIG EYE!
THE MOB CAR STOPS ON A LONELY STREET ---
THERE! OKAY, SISTER! TODDLE ALONG!
BUMPING THE KID WOULD SAVE A LOT OF TROUBLE!
SOMETIME LATER, THE GANGSTERS DEPART...
I WANT MY MUMMY! I'M LOSTED! (SNIFF!)
NOW, NOW!
KIDDO, YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST GAL TO GET SIDE-TRACKED IN THIS BIG TOWN!
WHAT'S THIS? A NOTE! --ADDRESS AN' EVERYTHING! WELL, HOW'D YOU LIKE A PIGGY-BACK HOME?
PIGGY-BACK! WHOOPEE!
DON'T WORRY, MA'M! THE POLICE ---
GIDDY YAP!
LOOK!
ATESSE
MY BABY!
GANGSTERS, EH? WELL, THEY GAVE THE KID A BREAK! HERE'S THE NOTE!
TORO! THIS IS WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF AN ELECTRIC BILL!
SO WHAT? THEY RIPPED OFF THE ADDRESS!
THEY LEFT SOMETHING ELSE! THE READING OF THE AMOUNT OF ELECTRICITY THEY USED --TAKE A SQUINT!
TRIC COMPANY, INC.
BILLS PAYABLE
ACCOUNT NO. 381
PREVIOUS READING
PRESENT READING
USED
RATE NUMBER
4,520
4,640
524
120
07
26
10
ELECTRIC
PREV. BILL
GAS
PREV. BILL
AUG. 18
JULY 7
AUG 16
JULY 7
SEPT
AUG. 19
PAID
SEPT 12 1942
TOTAL
7.38
6

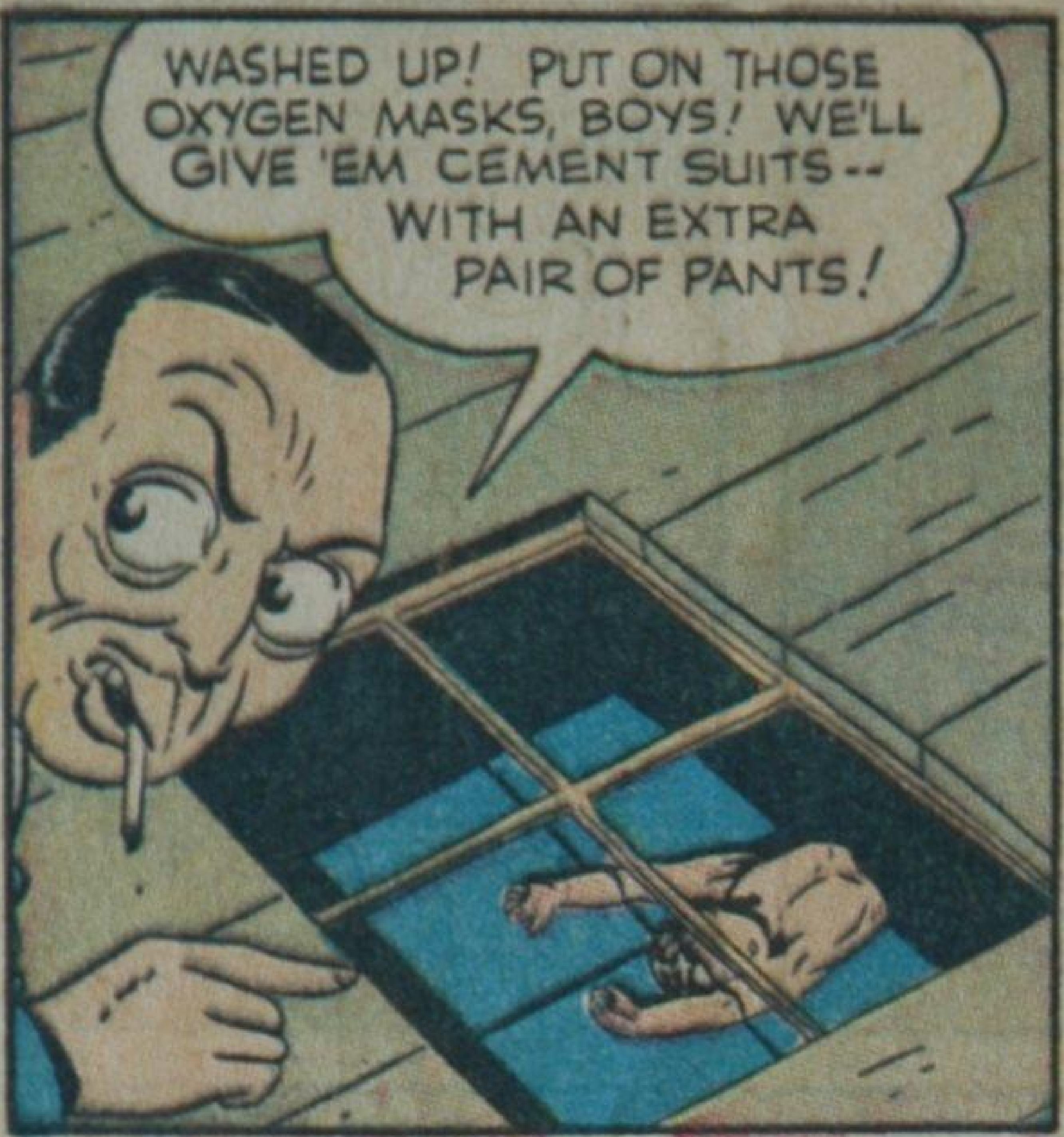

LATER
CONSIDERING THE FACT THAT THE MOB CAR WAS STOLEN, THIS BILL MAY BE A BREAK!
YOU HOPE!
JUSTMENT
ELECTRIC BILLS ROOM 212
NEW ACCOUNTS ROOM 214
I'M A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR. ANY CHANCE OF TRACING THE ADDRESS OF THE PERSON WHO GOT THIS BILL?
MR. JORDAN
HMM! LET'S SEE! HE USED A LOT OF JUICE FOR A GUY WHOSE PLACE ISN'T USED FOR BUSINESS!
HERE IT IS! THE ONLY RESIDENTIAL METER REGISTERING 120 KILOWATT HOURS -- JOSEPH THOMAS -- 389 PRENTISS ST.
THANKS! GET HOT, *TORO!* WE'RE GOING PLACES!
THE HOUSE ON PRENTISS STREET --
THE MOB CAR, BUT DIFFERENT LICENSE PLATES! THEY MUST HAVE SWITCHED 'EM!
THEY'RE NO DOPES, *TORO!* MAYBE WE'D BETTER PAY OUR RESPECTS TO THEM VIA THE BACK DOOR!
LOCKED!
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT 'EM TO DO? GREET US WITH A BRASS BAND -- AND THE KEY TO THE CITY?
SUDDENLY **TORCH'S** FORE-FINGER BLAZES!
THIS WILL DO!
THAT RUMBLE SOUNDS LIKE THUNDER! -- ONLY MUFFLED!
SOUNDS LIKE A PRINTING PRESS TO ME -- WHICH WOULD EXPLAIN WHY THEY USE SO MUCH ELECTRICITY!
RUMBLE! BOOM!
FUNNY! THERE'S NO DOOR TO THE CELLAR! ...OW!
YOU TRIPPED OVER IT -- A TRAP DOOR!

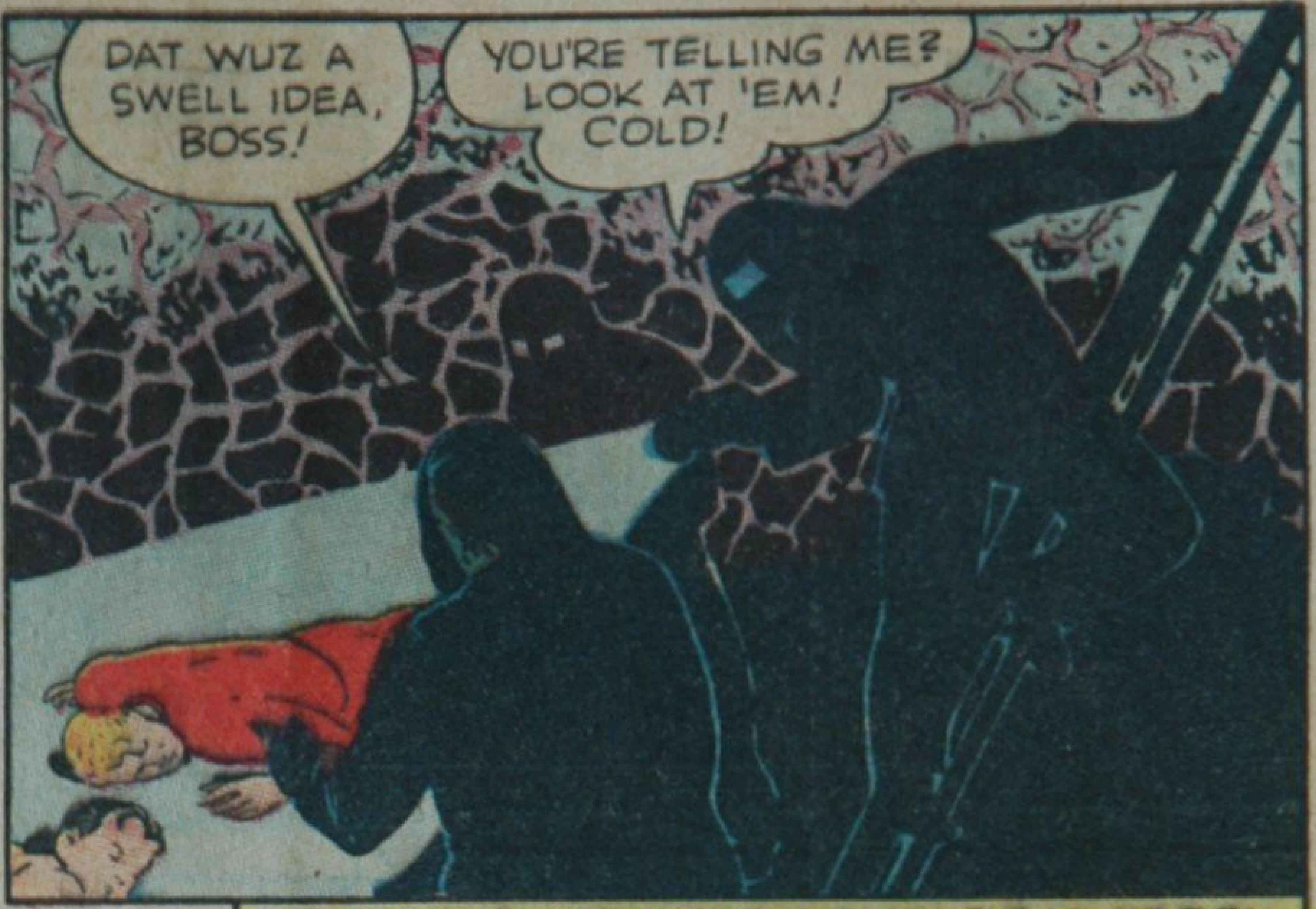

TORCH OPENS THE TRAP DOOR, REVEALING THE LAIR OF THE COUNTERFEITERS!
BOY! I HOPE DIS WAR LASTS FOREVER! WHAT A RACKET!
I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG THE WAR'LL LAST -- BUT YOUR RACKET'S THROUGH RIGHT NOW! FLAME, TORO!
DUCK, GUYS! IT'S THE HOTSHOTS!
TORCH! MY FLAME'S GOING OUT!
WHAT THE DEVIL! SO'S MINE!
TWO LOUD THUDS ANNOUNCE THE SUDDEN PRESENCE OF TORCH AND TORO!
I CAN'T BREATHE!
OOP!
WOW!
BOP!
BOP!
NO WONDER OUR FLAMES WENT OUT! SOMETHING'S DRAWING THE OXYGEN OUT OF THE CELLAR!
AGHRR!
IN A ROOM ABOVE THE SEALED CELLAR, BIG-EYES SMILES THINLY AS HE HANDLES THE SWITCH OF A CURIOUS-LOOKING MACHINE ---
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY VACUUM CLEANER? -- IT'S GUARANTEED TO ERADICATE DIRT AND VERMIN -- INCLUDING FIRE-BUGS!
BUT THIS LITTLE GADGET OF MINE WASN'T MADE TO KNOCK OFF MY OWN MOB! I'D BETTER GO DOWN AND GET EM OUT BEFORE THERE'S NO MORE OXYGEN!
8

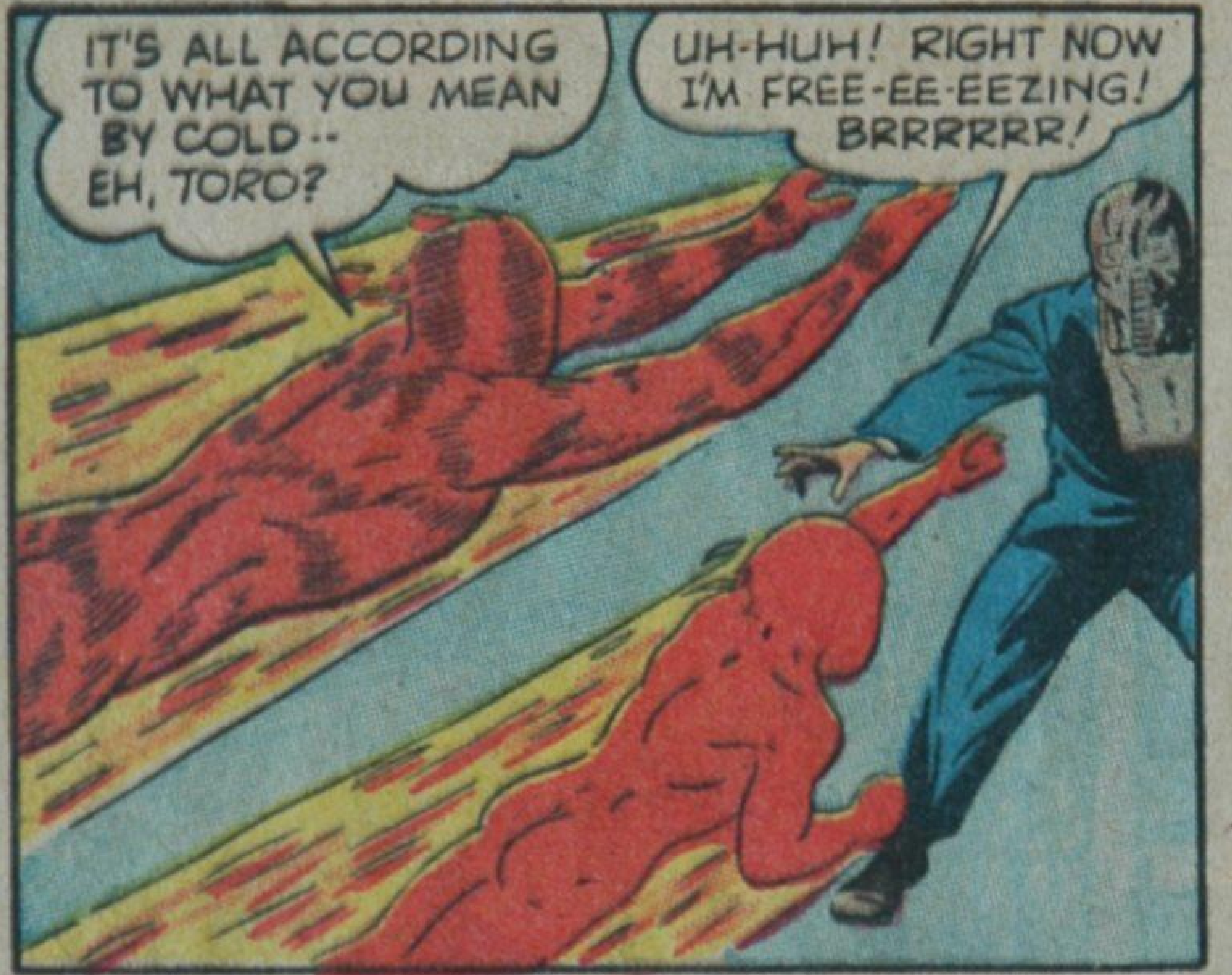

PROTECTED BY HIS OXYGEN MASK, GARRETT GOES TO THE RESCUE OF HIS HENCHMEN ...
HELP! HELP!
PIPE DOWN, JOE! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
AGHR-RR!
BIG-EYE RETURNS ...
OKAY, JOE! HEY! YOU--!
TORCH, THE STRENGTH OOZING OUT OF HIM, IS EASY PREY FOR THE MOB LEADER!
GET DOWN AND STAY DOWN! -- AND THAT GOES FOR YOUR PAL, FLAMING YOUTH!
YEOW!
AIR -- UHHH ---
SNAP OUT OF IT, AND GO TO THE MACHINE ROOM! I'LL JOIN YOU IN A MINUTE!
I'M LEAVING A LITTLE OXYGEN DOWN THERE FOR A WHILE -- JUST ENOUGH TO TEASE YOU, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO MAKE MUCH OF A FLAME, SO ---
IF YOU WANT TO LIVE LONGER, KEEP COOL OR YOU'LL BURN UP THE OXYGEN! BYE, NOW!
THIS IS WORSE THAN THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA -- AND TORO! -- HE'S ALMOST OUT!

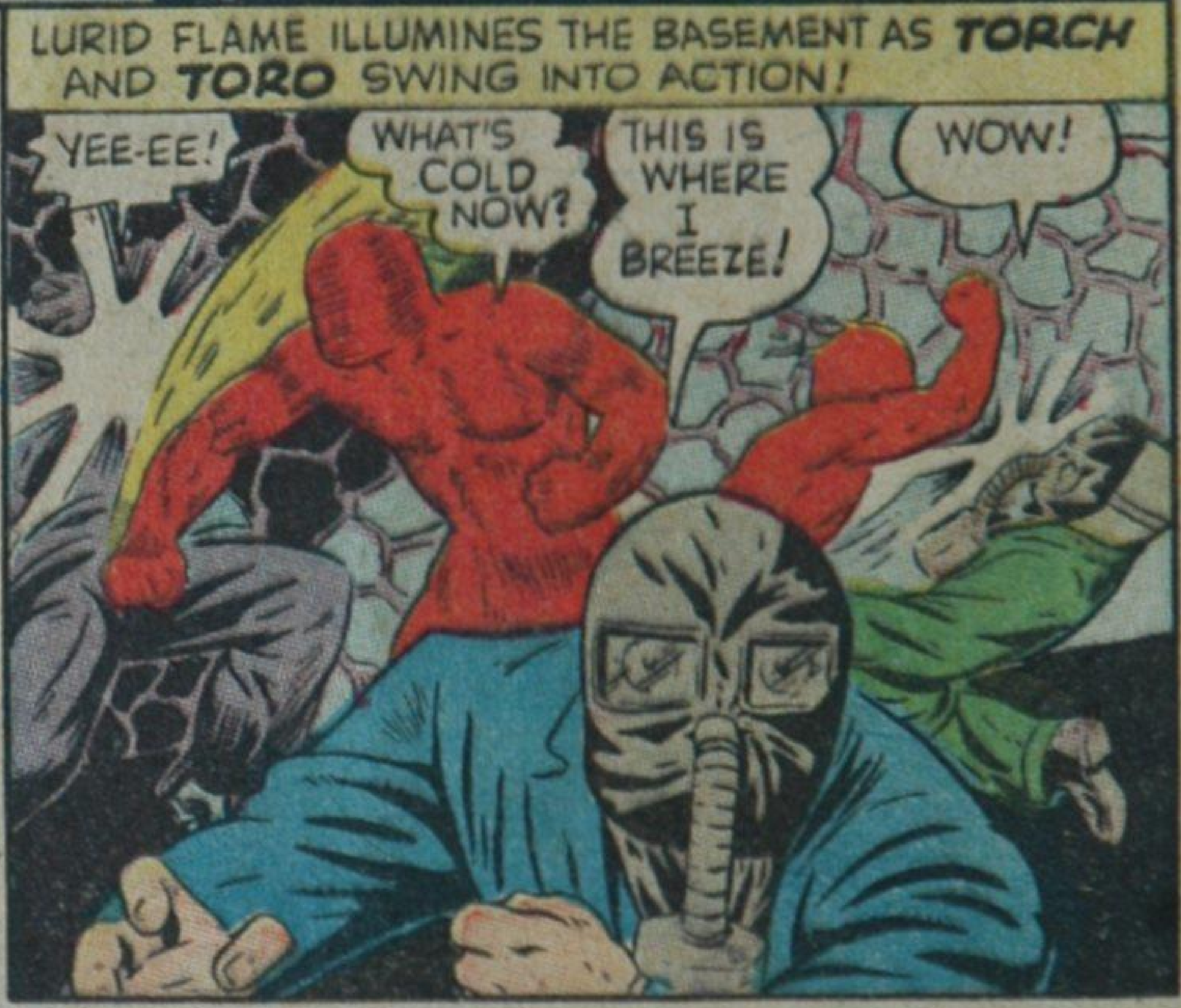

SUDDENLY TORCH STAGGERS TO HIS FEET!...
I'VE AN IDEA! JUST ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION IT'LL WORK!
BUT I DON'T WANT AN AUDIENCE!...
IF HE THINKS THAT BULB BURNED OXYGEN UP, HE'S NUTS! BUT NOW I CAN'T ENJOY SEEING HIM DIE! TOO BAD!
SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, TORCH GROPES ACROSS THE FLOOR...
I-- I'M SURE I SAW A SCREWDRIVER ON THE FLOOR!
AT LAST! --- NOW -----
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, TORCHY?
I'M HOPING THIS SCREW PENETRATES THE WALL! IF IT DOESN'T WE'LL BE PLAYING HARPS!
TORCH'S BREATH COMES IN SHORT GASPS AS HE STRAINS TO LOOSEN THE SCREW!...
WOW! IS IT TIGHT!

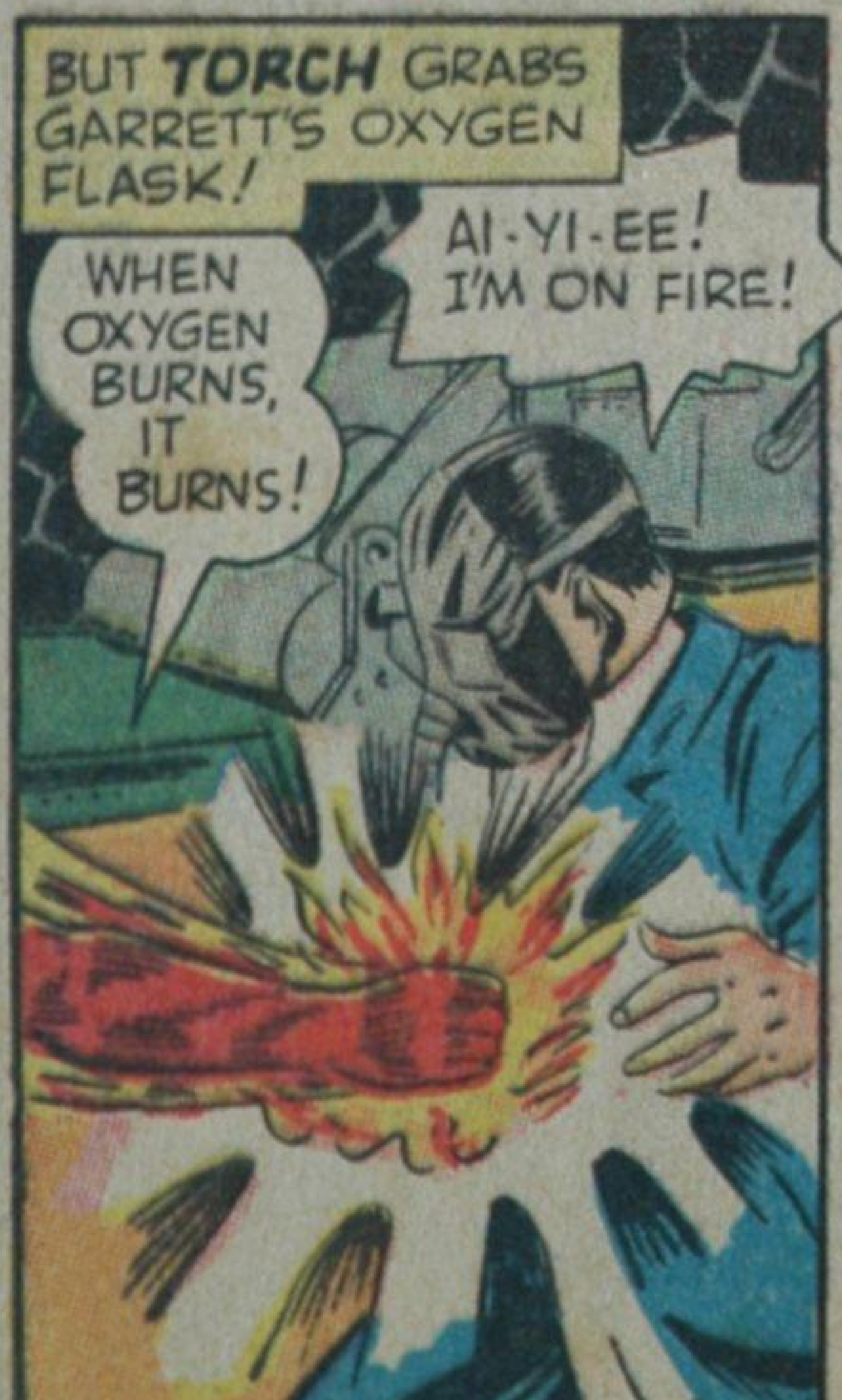

THE SCREW!-- IT'S LOOSENING!
SOMEONE ELSE'S SCREW IS LOOSE, I'M AFRAID!
TORCH YANKS OUT THE SCREW!
NOW TO SEE IF MY LITTLE GAG WORKS!
AH! **AIR!** -- AND LOADS OF IT!
I FEEL LIKE A MILLION BUCKS -- AND SO WILL YOU!
HEY! WHADYA THINK I AM? --A BABY?
SAY! *THIS* IS THE REAL McCOY! -- HOW COME?
IT'S QUITE SIMPLE!
SNIFF!
THERE'S A POCKET OF AIR BETWEEN THE CELLAR WALL AND THE BUILDING WALL. I JUST STUCK A HOLE IN THE POCKET!
OKAY, BRILLIANT! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO FLAMING UP AND GIVING THOSE RATS A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY?
NOT YET, KID! WE'LL NEED A LITTLE MORE OXYGEN. WE'VE GOT TO LET THE ROOM FILL UP. START GROANING! PUT IT ON THICK!
TORO GOES INTO HIS ACT!
HELP! I'M CHOKING! AGHRRR!
SWEET OF HIM TO COME INTO THE LIGHT! NOW I CAN SEE HIM!

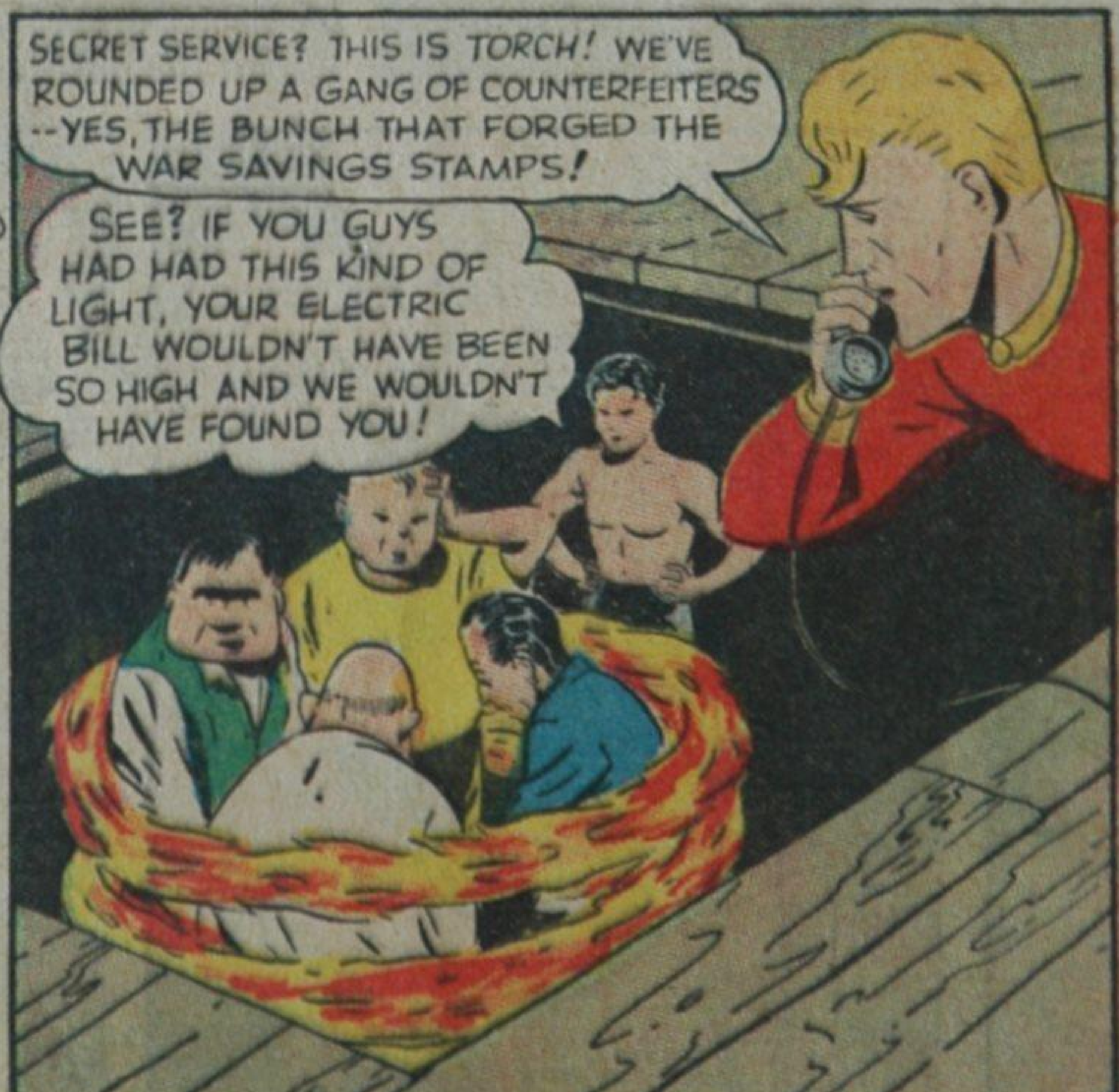

WASHED UP! PUT ON THOSE OXYGEN MASKS, BOYS! WE'LL GIVE 'EM CEMENT SUITS-- WITH AN EXTRA PAIR OF PANTS!


DAT WUZ A SWELL IDEA, BOSS!
YOU'RE TELLING ME? LOOK AT 'EM! COLD!

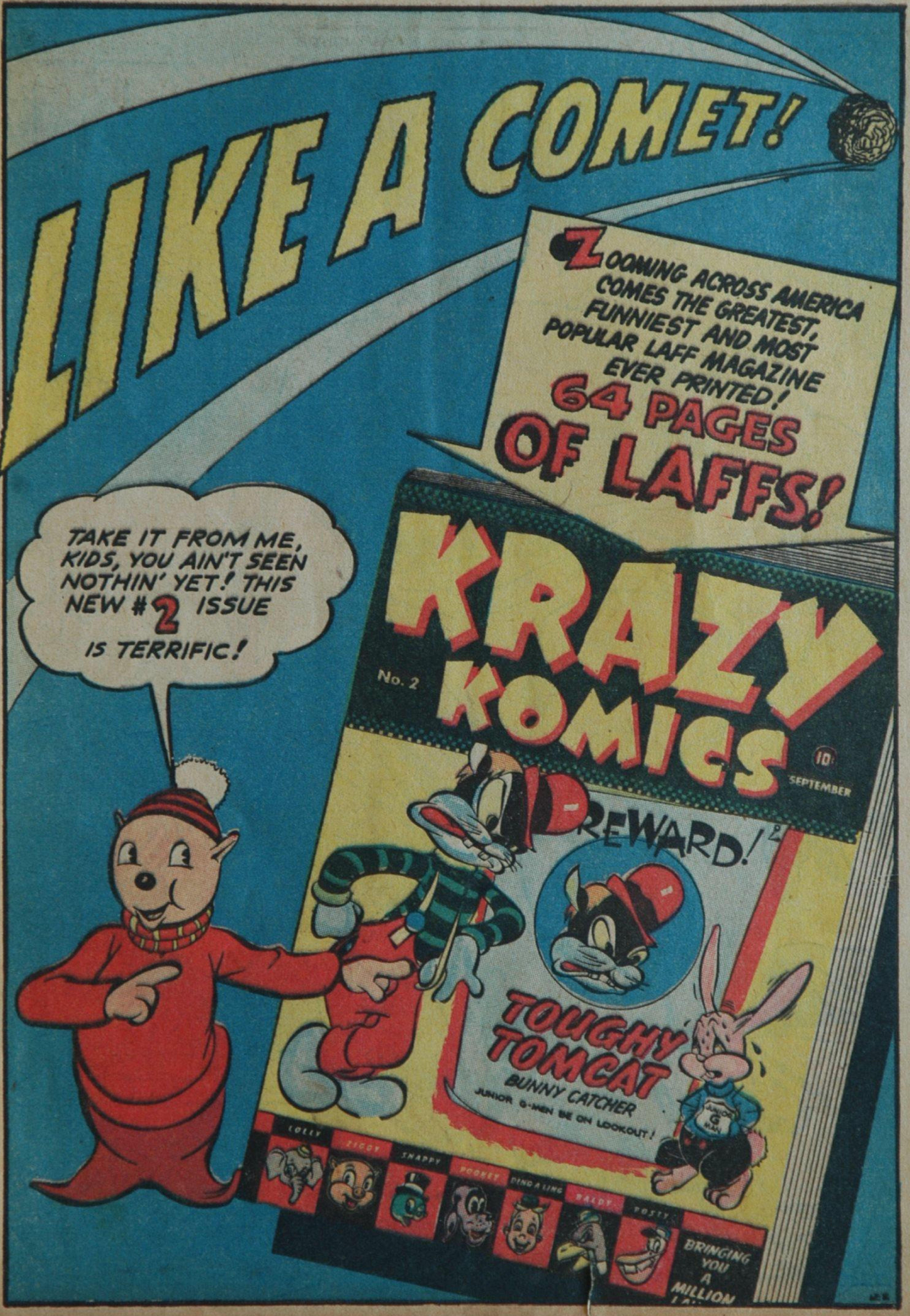

IT'S ALL ACCORDING TO WHAT YOU MEAN BY COLD-- EH, TORO?
UH-HUH! RIGHT NOW I'M FREE-EE-EEZING! BRRRRRR!


LURID FLAME ILLUMINES THE BASEMENT AS TORCH AND TORO SWING INTO ACTION!
YEE-EE!
WHAT'S COLD NOW?
THIS IS WHERE I BREEZE!
WOW!

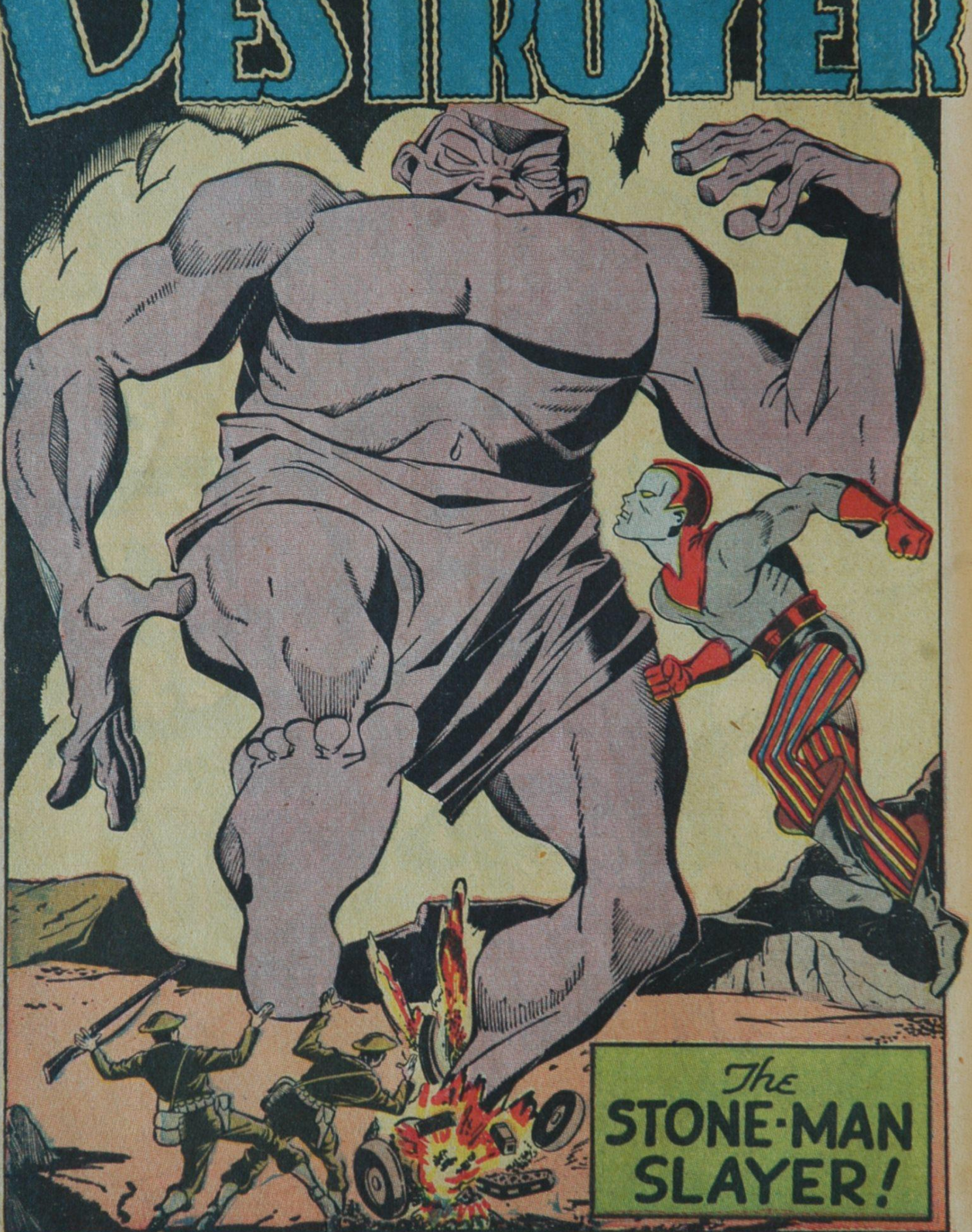

BUT TORCH GRABS GARRETT'S OXYGEN FLASK!
WHEN OXYGEN BURNS, IT BURNS!
AI-YI-EE! I'M ON FIRE!


SECRET SERVICE? THIS IS TORCH! WE'VE ROUNDED UP A GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS --YES, THE BUNCH THAT FORGED THE WAR SAVINGS STAMPS!
SEE? IF YOU GUYS HAD HAD THIS KIND OF LIGHT, YOUR ELECTRIC BILL WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO HIGH AND WE WOULDN'T HAVE FOUND YOU!

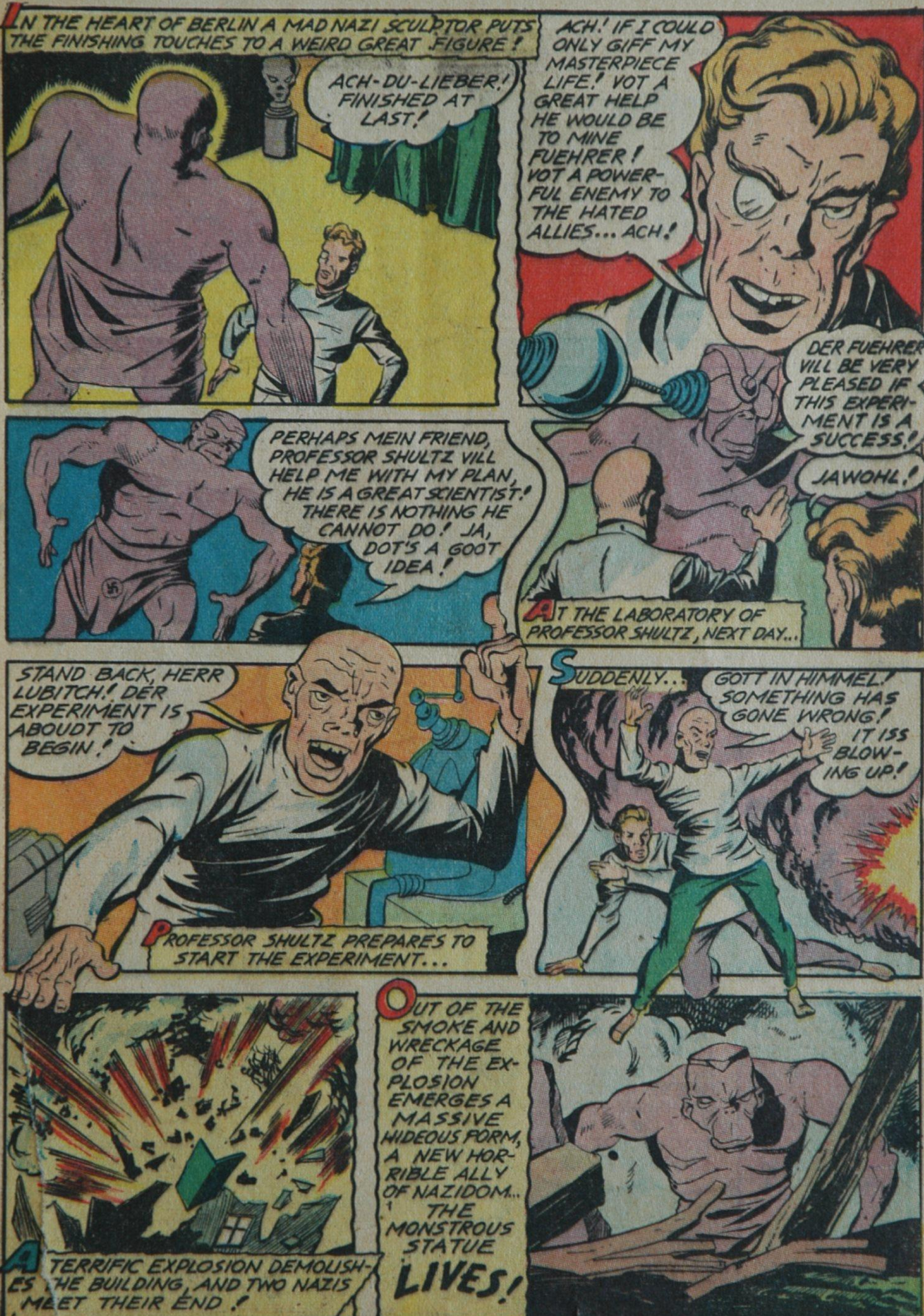
ANOTHER
SIZZLING
SEQUENCE
OF THE
HUMAN TORCH
IN THE
NEW
ALL WINNERS COMICS
AND IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
MARVEL

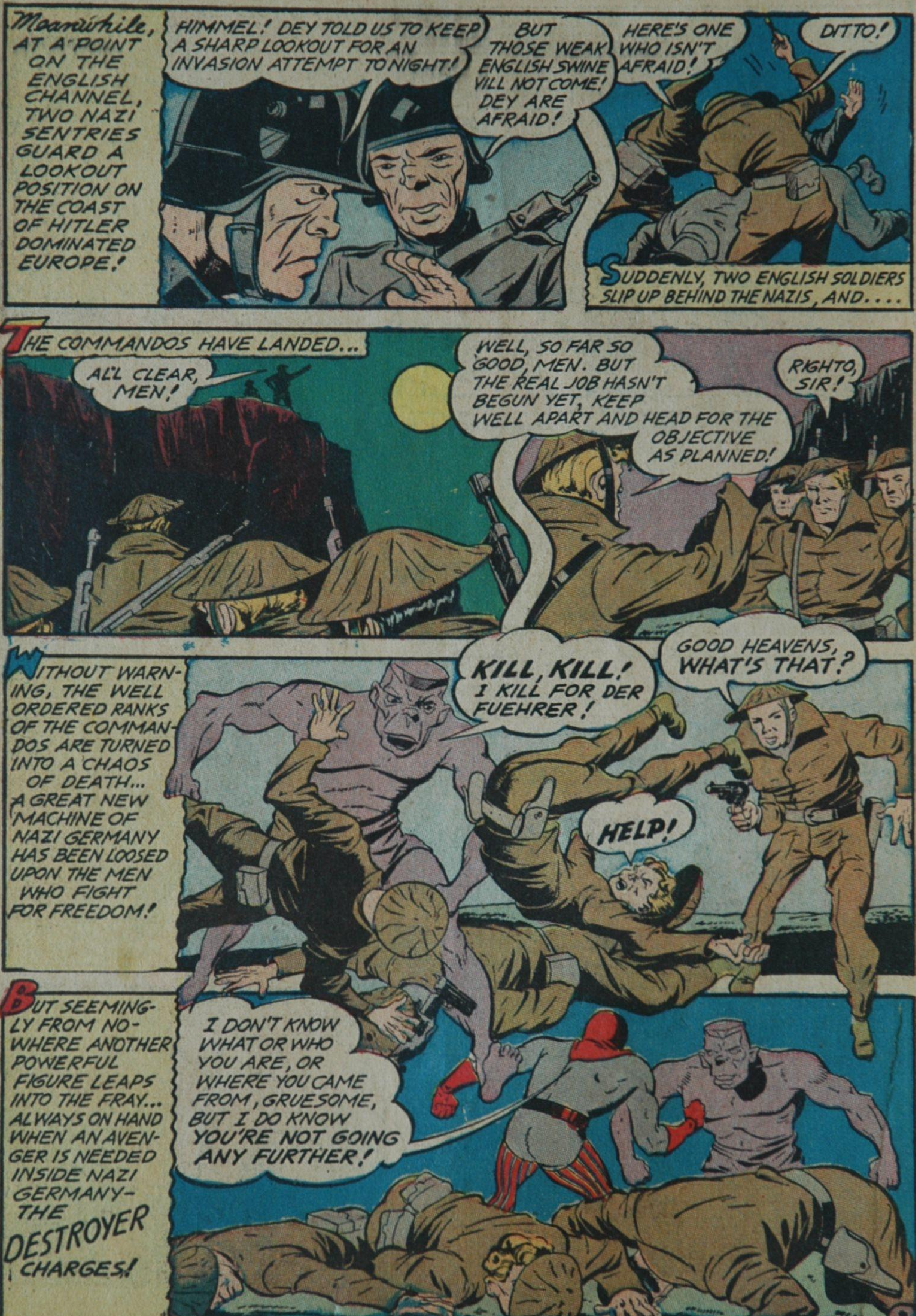

LIKE A COMET!
ZOOMING ACROSS AMERICA COMES THE GREATEST, FUNNIEST AND MOST POPULAR LAFF MAGAZINE EVER PRINTED!
64 PAGES OF LAFFS!
TAKE IT FROM ME, KIDS, YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET! THIS NEW #2 ISSUE IS TERRIFIC!
KRAZY KOMICS
No. 2
10¢
SEPTEMBER
REWARD!
TOUGHY TOMCAT
BUNNY CATCHER
JUNIOR G-MEN BE ON LOOKOUT!
JUNIOR G MAN
LOLLY
ZIGGY
SNAPPY
POOKEY
DING A LING
BALDY
POSTY
BRINGING YOU A MILLION

The DESTROYER

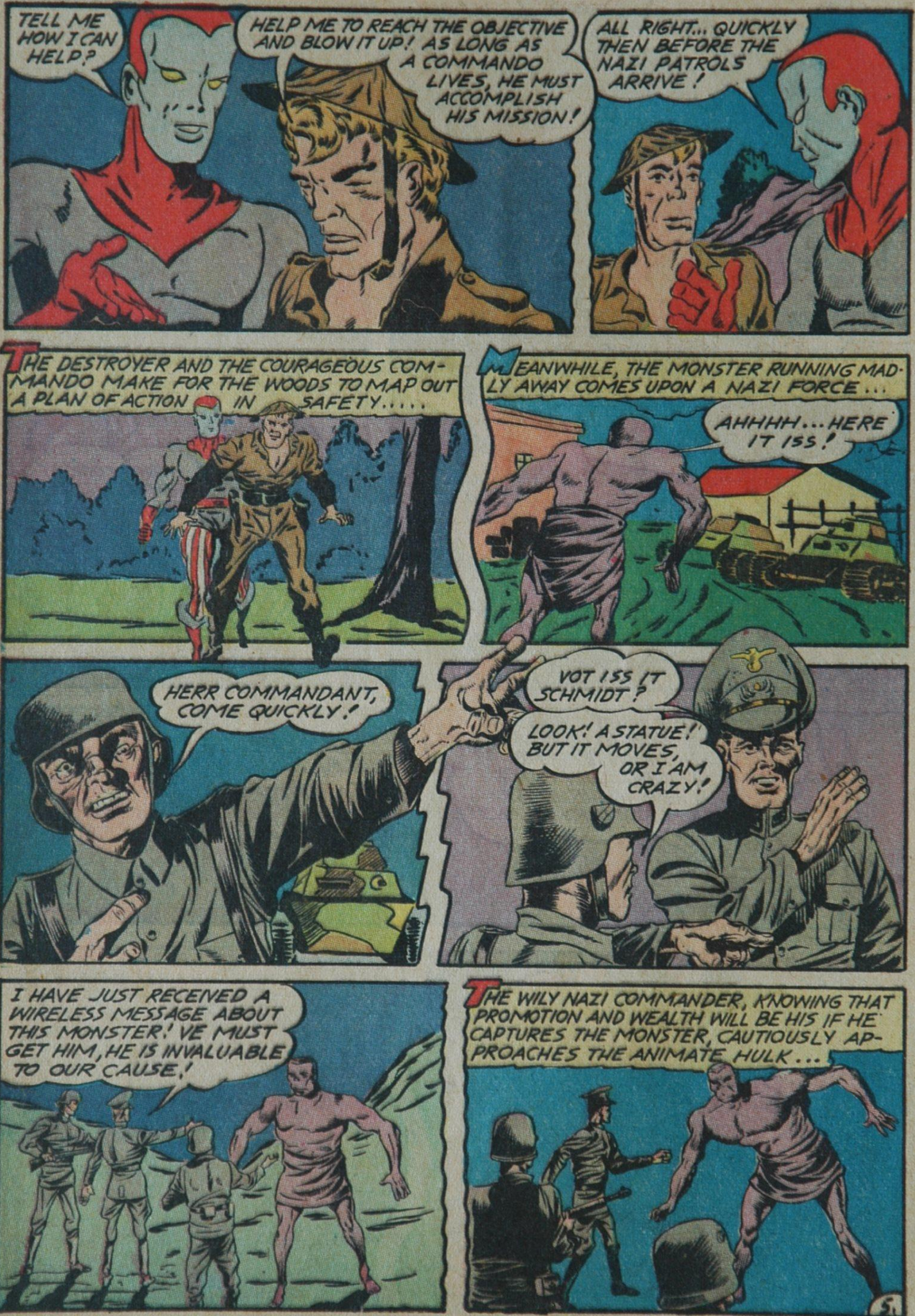


The STONE-MAN SLAYER!


IN THE HEART OF BERLIN A MAD NAZI SCULPTOR PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A WEIRD GREAT FIGURE!
ACH-DU-LIEBER! FINISHED AT LAST!
ACH! IF I COULD ONLY GIFF MY MASTERPIECE LIFE! VOT A GREAT HELP HE WOULD BE TO MINE FUEHRER! VOT A POWERFUL ENEMY TO THE HATED ALLIES... ACH!
PERHAPS MEIN FRIEND, PROFESSOR SHULTZ VILL HELP ME WITH MY PLAN, HE IS A GREAT SCIENTIST! THERE IS NOTHING HE CANNOT DO! JA, DOT'S A GOOT IDEA!
DER FUEHRER VILL BE VERY PLEASED IF THIS EXPERIMENT IS A SUCCESS!
JAWOHL!
AT THE LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR SHULTZ, NEXT DAY...
STAND BACK, HERR LUBITCH! DER EXPERIMENT IS ABOUDT TO BEGIN!
PROFESSOR SHULTZ PREPARES TO START THE EXPERIMENT...
SUDDENLY...
GOTT IN HIMMEL! SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG! IT ISS BLOWING UP!
A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION DEMOLISHES THE BUILDING, AND TWO NAZIS MEET THEIR END!
OUT OF THE SMOKE AND WRECKAGE OF THE EXPLOSION EMERGES A MASSIVE HIDEOUS FORM, A NEW HORRIBLE ALLY OF NAZIDOM... THE MONSTROUS STATUE LIVES!

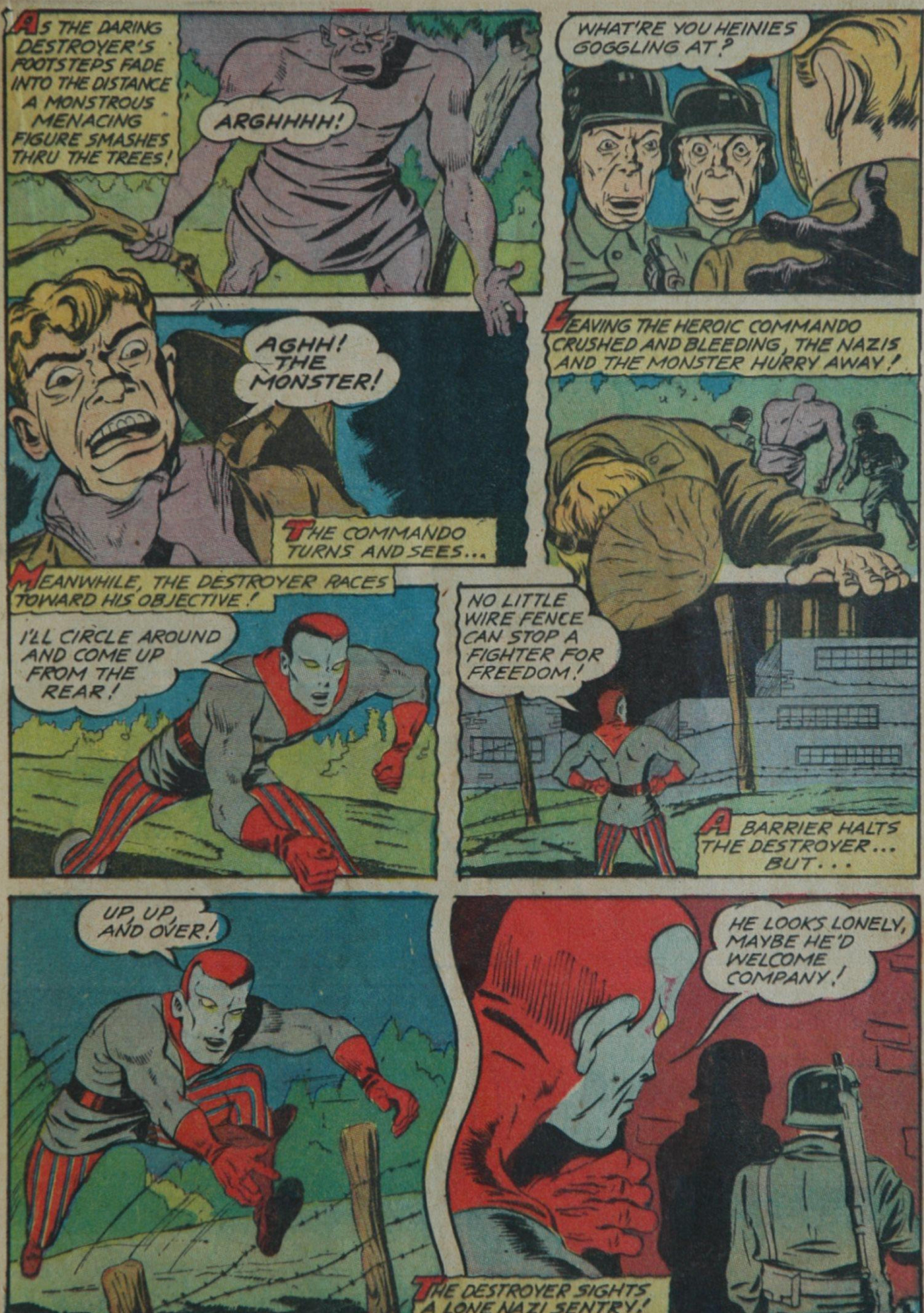

Meanwhile, AT A POINT ON THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, TWO NAZI SENTRIES GUARD A LOOKOUT POSITION ON THE COAST OF HITLER DOMINATED EUROPE!
HIMMEL! DEY TOLD US TO KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR AN INVASION ATTEMPT TONIGHT!
BUT THOSE WEAK ENGLISH SWINE VILL NOT COME! DEY ARE AFRAID!
HERE'S ONE WHO ISN'T AFRAID!
DITTO!
SUDDENLY, TWO ENGLISH SOLDIERS SLIP UP BEHIND THE NAZIS, AND....
THE COMMANDOS HAVE LANDED...
ALL CLEAR, MEN!
WELL, SO FAR SO GOOD, MEN. BUT THE REAL JOB HASN'T BEGUN YET. KEEP WELL APART AND HEAD FOR THE OBJECTIVE AS PLANNED!
RIGHTO, SIR!
WITHOUT WARNING, THE WELL ORDERED RANKS OF THE COMMANDOS ARE TURNED INTO A CHAOS OF DEATH... A GREAT NEW MACHINE OF NAZI GERMANY HAS BEEN LOOSED UPON THE MEN WHO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM!
KILL, KILL! I KILL FOR DER FUEHRER!
GOOD HEAVENS, WHAT'S THAT?
HELP!
BUT SEEMINGLY FROM NOWHERE ANOTHER POWERFUL FIGURE LEAPS INTO THE FRAY... ALWAYS ON HAND WHEN AN AVENGER IS NEEDED INSIDE NAZI GERMANY- THE DESTROYER CHARGES!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT OR WHO YOU ARE, OR WHERE YOU CAME FROM, GRUESOME, BUT I DO KNOW YOU'RE NOT GOING ANY FURTHER!

I'LL SEND YOU BACK TO THE MUSEUM IN SECTIONS, YOU MONSTER!
THE FIGHT IS ON!
THE BATTLE RAGES FIERCELY ON. STEP BY STEP THE MIGHTY DESTROYER FORCES THE COLLOSSUS OF STONE BACKWARD!
CRACK!
BUT THEN, JUST AS THE MOON BEGINS TO WANE, THE MONSTER TURNS AND RUNS INTO THE NIGHT!
WOW! LOOK AT HIM GO! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CATCH HIM NOW!
I MUST FIGURE OUT A WAY TO COPE WITH THAT MONSTER! HE CERTAINLY CAN'T BE INJURED BY ORDINARY MEANS!
SUDDENLY... A CRY FOR HELP COMES OUT OF THE DARKNESS...
HELP! HELP!
WHAT'S WRONG, FELLA?
MY ARM, IT'S BROKE! I-I-GUESS I'M LUCKY THOUGH AT THAT!
LISTEN, YOU MUST HELP ME, OUR OBJECTIVE WAS THE NAZI AMMUNITION FACTORY IN THAT LITTLE TOWN OVER THE HILL, LA TENET!

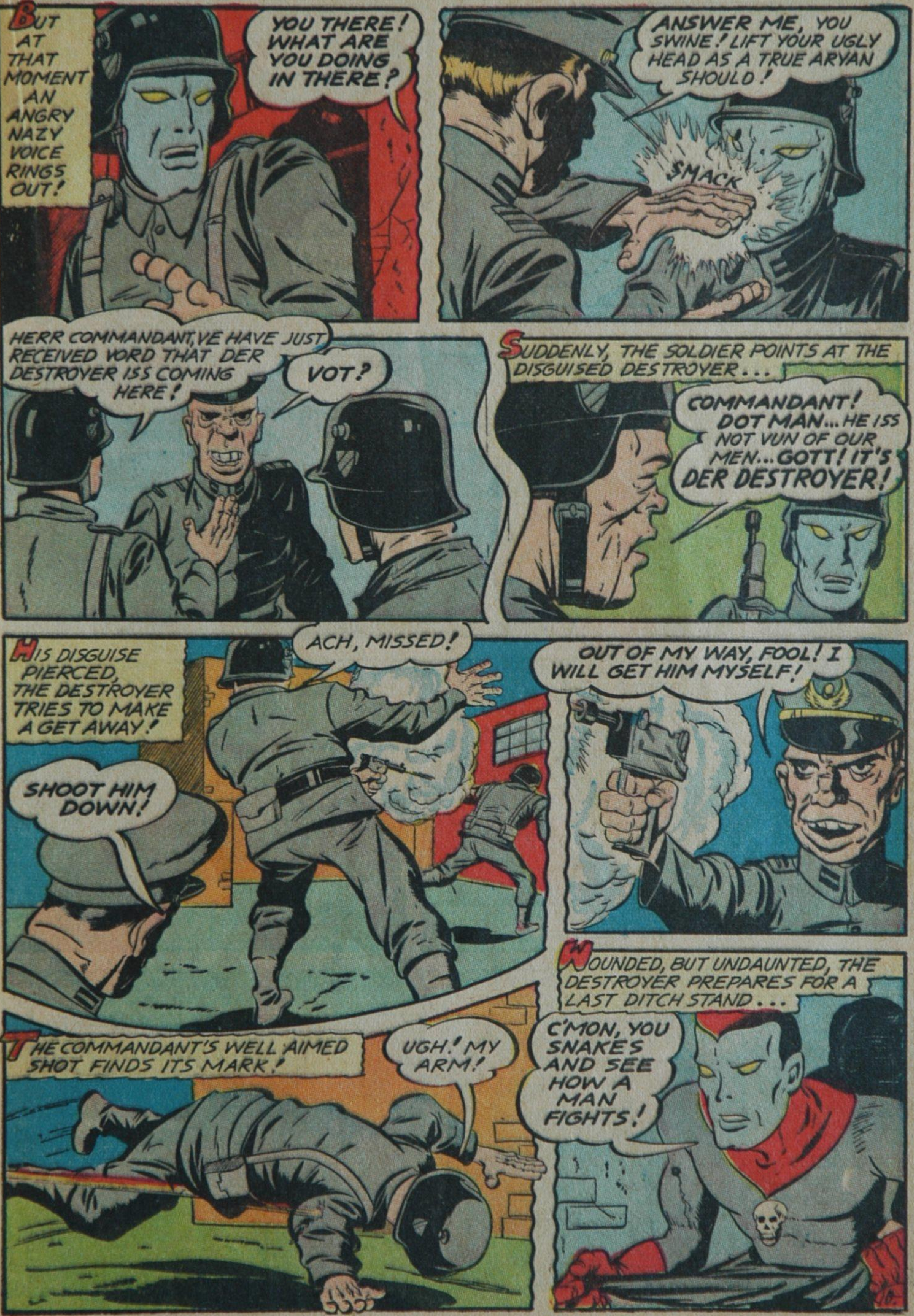

TELL ME HOW I CAN HELP?
HELP ME TO REACH THE OBJECTIVE AND BLOW IT UP! AS LONG AS A COMMANDO LIVES, HE MUST ACCOMPLISH HIS MISSION!
ALL RIGHT... QUICKLY THEN BEFORE THE NAZI PATROLS ARRIVE!
THE DESTROYER AND THE COURAGEOUS COMMANDO MAKE FOR THE WOODS TO MAP OUT A PLAN OF ACTION IN SAFETY....
MEANWHILE, THE MONSTER RUNNING MADLY AWAY COMES UPON A NAZI FORCE...
AHHHH... HERE IT ISS!
HERR COMMANDANT, COME QUICKLY!
VOT ISS IT SCHMIDT?
LOOK! A STATUE! BUT IT MOVES, OR I AM CRAZY!
I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A WIRELESS MESSAGE ABOUT THIS MONSTER! VE MUST GET HIM, HE IS INVALUABLE TO OUR CAUSE!
THE WILY NAZI COMMANDER, KNOWING THAT PROMOTION AND WEALTH WILL BE HIS IF HE CAPTURES THE MONSTER, CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES THE ANIMATE HULK...

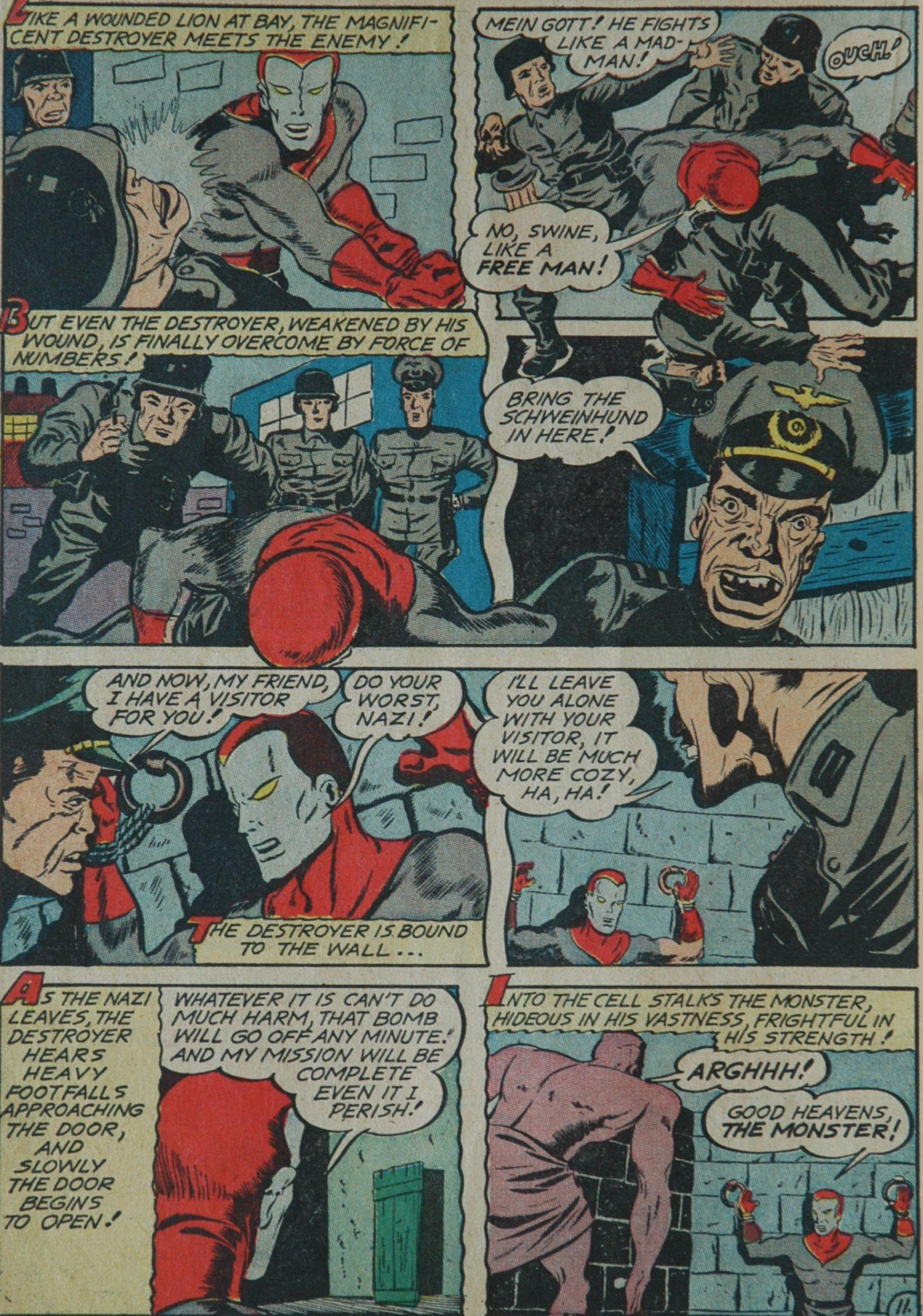
I AM NAZI! I AM YOUR MASTER! YOU WILL OBEY ME, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
YES! BUT LET ME KILL! LET ME KILL!
YOU SHALL KILL OUR ENEMIES! ONLY OUR ENEMIES, UNDERSTAND?
HERR COMMANDANT! THIS MESSAGE JUST CAME THRU!
GIVE IT TO ME, QUICK!
IT HAS BEEN LEARNED THAT THE DESTROYER IS CLOSE TO LA TENET. HE IS A MENACE TO OUR SECURITY ON THIS COAST! HE MUST BE CAPTURED OR KILLED. HEIL HITLER!
THAT WILL BE YOUR FIRST TASK! YOU WILL KILL THE DESTROYER!
AHHHH!
BREAK CAMP! WE MARCH IMMEDIATELY TO LA TENET!
THE NAZI PLATOONS SOON ARE ON THE MOVE TOWARD LA TENET, AND THUS THE DESTROYER'S POSITION ON THE HOSTILE COAST BECOMES EVEN MORE DANGEROUS!
MEANWHILE, IN THE WOODS ADJACENT TO LA TENET...
NOW IS OUR CHANCE, WE'LL CIRCLE AROUND AND HEAD FOR THE FACTORY!
I HAVE THE BOMBS HERE!

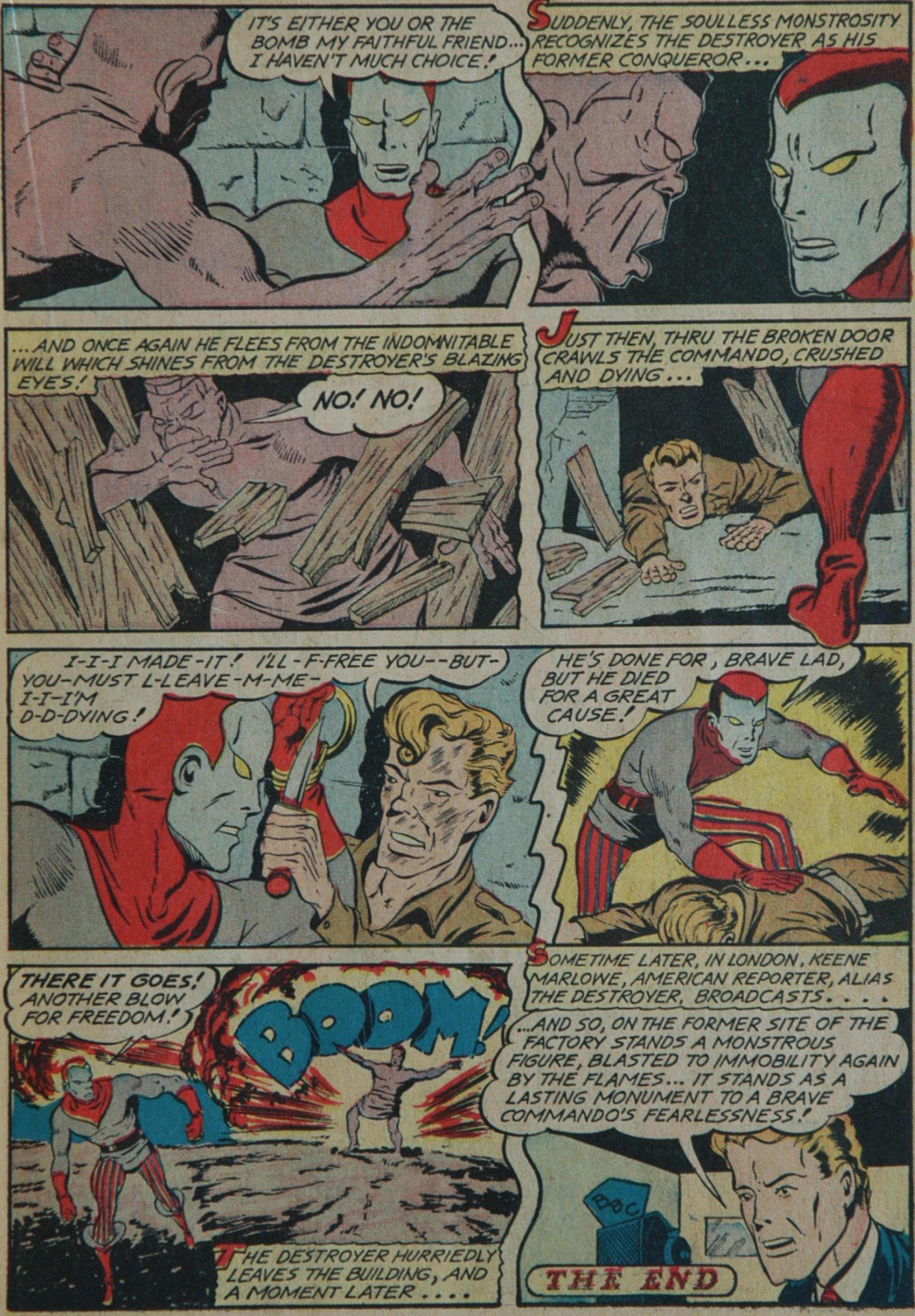
WE'LL APPROACH AS CLOSELY AS WE CAN UNDER COVER AND THEN RUN WITHIN RANGE TO THROW THE BOMBS!
LISTEN! I THOUGHT I HEARD A NOISE!
SUDDENLY, FIVE NAZIS SPRING FROM THE SURROUNDING BUSHES...
HEIL, HITLER!
YOU CAN TAKE THIS BACK TO HITLER!
NAZI SWINE!
SPLAT
UGH!
OUT YOU GO, MR. SAUERKRAUT!
BOFF
SEEING THE TYPE OF PUNISHMENT WHICH THE DESTROYER AND HIS COMPANION CAN DISH OUT, THE TWO REMAINING NAZIS SOON FLING UP THEIR ARMS IN TOTAL SURRENDOR!
KAMARAD!
HAH! THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT!
I'LL BLOW UP THE AMMUNITION FACTORY AND RETURN SOON, KEEP THAT GUN STEADY!
GOOD LUCK, FRIEND!

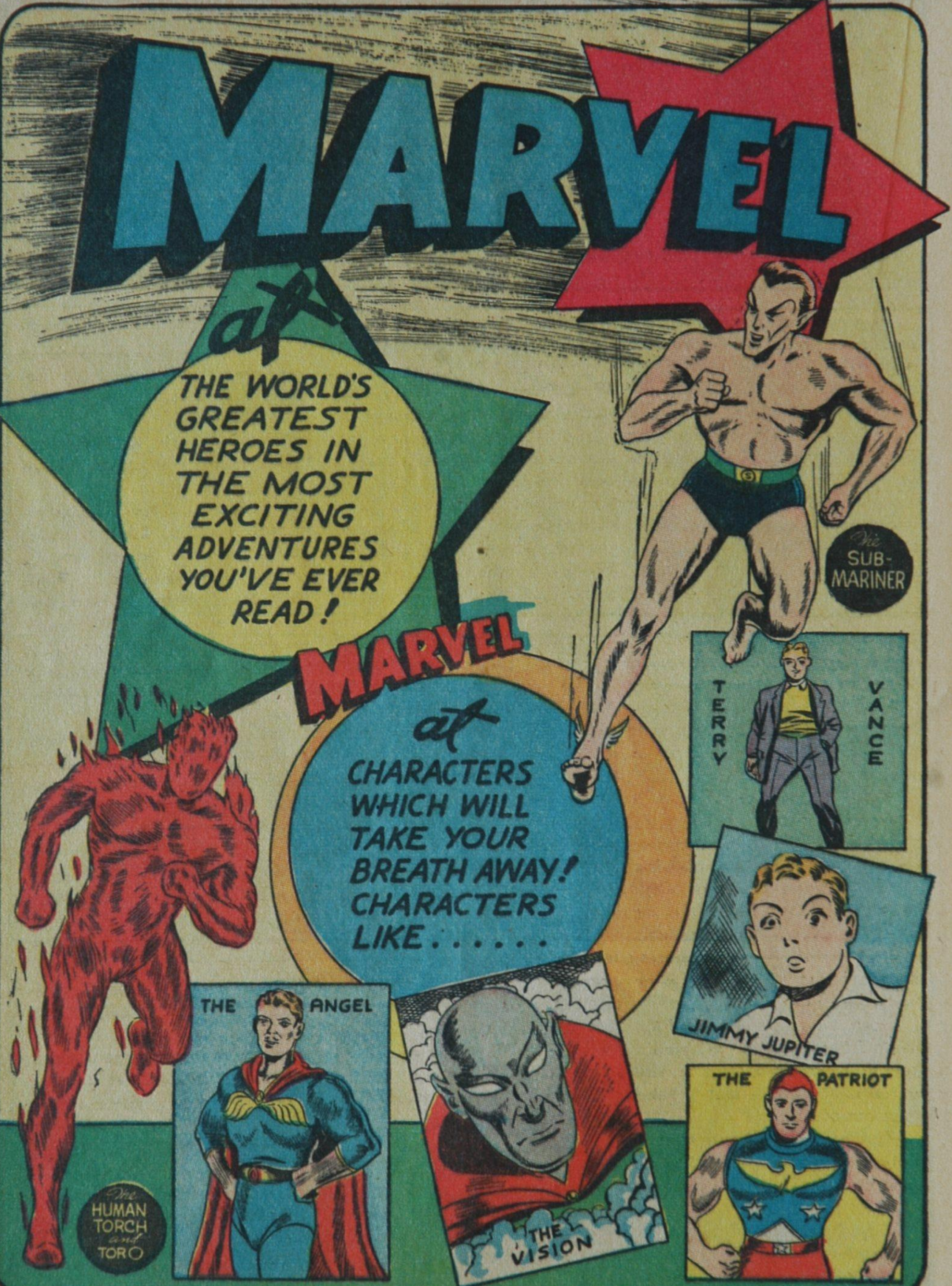

AS THE DARING DESTROYER'S FOOTSTEPS FADE INTO THE DISTANCE A MONSTROUS MENACING FIGURE SMASHES THRU THE TREES!
ARGHHHH!
WHAT'RE YOU HEINIES GOGGLING AT?
AGHH! THE MONSTER!
THE COMMANDO TURNS AND SEES...
LEAVING THE HEROIC COMMANDO CRUSHED AND BLEEDING, THE NAZIS AND THE MONSTER HURRY AWAY!
MEANWHILE, THE DESTROYER RACES TOWARD HIS OBJECTIVE!
I'LL CIRCLE AROUND AND COME UP FROM THE REAR!
NO LITTLE WIRE FENCE CAN STOP A FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM!
A BARRIER HALTS THE DESTROYER... BUT...
UP, UP, AND OVER!
HE LOOKS LONELY, MAYBE HE'D WELCOME COMPANY!
THE DESTROYER SIGHTS A LONE NAZI SENTRY!

LIKE A PROWLING PANTHER, THE DESTROYER CREEPS TOWARD THE UNSUSPECTING SENTRY–
CLOSER, EVER CLOSER, THE VISE-LIKE HANDS OF THE DESTROYER COME, UNTIL SUDDENLY...
THIS'LL QUIET YOU FOR A WHILE!
THE DESTROYER STRIKES!
HMM-MAYBE THAT UNIFORM'LL COME IN HANDY!
SOON FROM THE SHADOWS STEPS THE FIGURE OF A NAZI SOLDIER! IT IS THE DESTROYER, HIS IDENTITY DISGUISED FOR GREATER FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT!
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
UNTIL THE ALLIES STRIKE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
I'LL PLANT THE BOMB IN HERE!
I'VE SET THE TIME BOMB FOR TWENTY MINUTES, THAT'LL GIVE ME TIME TO GET CLEAR AND GET BACK TO MY COMMANDO FRIEND!


BUT AT THAT MOMENT AN ANGRY NAZY VOICE RINGS OUT!
YOU THERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?
ANSWER ME, YOU SWINE! LIFT YOUR UGLY HEAD AS A TRUE ARYAN SHOULD!
SMACK
HERR COMMANDANT, VE HAVE JUST RECEIVED VORD THAT DER DESTROYER ISS COMING HERE!
VOT?
SUDDENLY, THE SOLDIER POINTS AT THE DISGUISED DESTROYER...
COMMANDANT! DOT MAN... HE ISS NOT VUN OF OUR MEN... GOTT! IT'S DER DESTROYER!
HIS DISGUISE PIERCED, THE DESTROYER TRIES TO MAKE A GET AWAY!
ACH, MISSED!
SHOOT HIM DOWN!
OUT OF MY WAY, FOOL! I WILL GET HIM MYSELF!
THE COMMANDANT'S WELL AIMED SHOT FINDS ITS MARK!
UGH! MY ARM!
WOUNDED, BUT UNDAUNTED, THE DESTROYER PREPARES FOR A LAST DITCH STAND...
C'MON, YOU SNAKES AND SEE HOW A MAN FIGHTS!


LIKE A WOUNDED LION AT BAY, THE MAGNIFICENT DESTROYER MEETS THE ENEMY!
MEIN GOTT! HE FIGHTS LIKE A MAD-MAN!
OUCH!
NO, SWINE, LIKE A FREE MAN!
BUT EVEN THE DESTROYER, WEAKENED BY HIS WOUND, IS FINALLY OVERCOME BY FORCE OF NUMBERS!
BRING THE SCHWEINHUND IN HERE!
AND NOW, MY FRIEND, I HAVE A VISITOR FOR YOU!
DO YOUR WORST, NAZI!
THE DESTROYER IS BOUND TO THE WALL...
I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE WITH YOUR VISITOR, IT WILL BE MUCH MORE COZY, HA, HA!
AS THE NAZI LEAVES, THE DESTROYER HEARS HEAVY FOOTFALLS APPROACHING THE DOOR, AND SLOWLY THE DOOR BEGINS TO OPEN!
WHATEVER IT IS CAN'T DO MUCH HARM, THAT BOMB WILL GO OFF ANY MINUTE. AND MY MISSION WILL BE COMPLETE EVEN IT I PERISH!
INTO THE CELL STALKS THE MONSTER, HIDEOUS IN HIS VASTNESS, FRIGHTFUL IN HIS STRENGTH!
ARGHHH!
GOOD HEAVENS, THE MONSTER!


IT'S EITHER YOU OR THE BOMB MY FAITHFUL FRIEND... I HAVEN'T MUCH CHOICE!
SUDDENLY, THE SOULLESS MONSTROSITY RECOGNIZES THE DESTROYER AS HIS FORMER CONQUEROR...
...AND ONCE AGAIN HE FLEES FROM THE INDOMNITABLE WILL WHICH SHINES FROM THE DESTROYER'S BLAZING EYES!
NO! NO!
JUST THEN, THRU THE BROKEN DOOR CRAWLS THE COMMANDO, CRUSHED AND DYING...
I-I-I MADE-IT! I'LL-F-FREE YOU--BUT-YOU-MUST L-LEAVE-M-ME-I-I-I'M D-D-DYING!
HE'S DONE FOR, BRAVE LAD, BUT HE DIED FOR A GREAT CAUSE!
THERE IT GOES! ANOTHER BLOW FOR FREEDOM!
BOOM!
THE DESTROYER HURRIEDLY LEAVES THE BUILDING, AND A MOMENT LATER....
SOMETIME LATER, IN LONDON, KEENE MARLOWE, AMERICAN REPORTER, ALIAS THE DESTROYER, BROADCASTS....
...AND SO, ON THE FORMER SITE OF THE FACTORY STANDS A MONSTROUS FIGURE, BLASTED TO IMMOBILITY AGAIN BY THE FLAMES... IT STANDS AS A LASTING MONUMENT TO A BRAVE COMMANDO'S FEARLESSNESS!
BBC
THE END


MARVEL
at
THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEROES IN THE MOST EXCITING ADVENTURES YOU'VE EVER READ!
MARVEL
at
CHARACTERS WHICH WILL TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY! CHARACTERS LIKE.....
The SUB-MARINER
TERRY VANCE
JIMMY JUPITER
THE PATRIOT
THE VISION
THE ANGEL
The HUMAN TORCH and TORO

The WOIM TOINS

BY MICKEY SPILLANE

LITTLE WILLY Wickerschnikle scooped up a desk full of letters and marched into the boss' office. "Here's the day's doit, Boss!" Slowly the bushy-browed Simon Legree spun around in his swivel chair and gave Willy a devastating once over.

'Young man," he bellowed through his whiskers, "How often have I told you to correct your English . . . *and quit calling me boss!*" Willy shook under the onslaught, nodded his head like it was on a rubber band and waited for orders. Christopher Fitzgerald Wampus, alias "the Boss," ripped the ends out of his mail and scanned the contents. Bang, bang, bang, went his fist on the desk. "Bills, bills, and more bills," he yelled. "Is this place a credit house or a stock brokerage agency! Look what I get sent . . ." The boss held aloft a fistful of gold edged securities.

"What are dey, boss?"

"Something a young ninny as bad as you picked up in the market. Gold mine bonds, that's what ... for the Gleeful Gopher Mine. Of all the jugheaded saps he takes the cake . . . next to you. Why that mine stopped operating ten years ago and now he buys shares in it!"

"Gosh, boss," piped up Willy. "Wish I had those." A sly gleam creeps into Wampus' eyes, and he smiled like a wolf about to take a bite out of a lamb.

"Young man, I believe that it is about time that you learn the value of money. You live alone, I take it?"

"Yeah, I yamma orfink."

"Hmmmmmm! Then, since you are a member of this organization in fairly good standing, I will make you a bargain. I will let you have these securities for the nominal sum of one week's salary! . . . Yes?"

"YIPPEEEE! I yam now a Wall Street man!" Willy whipped out a stub of a pencil and signed the salary release and statement of ownership that the boss shoved at him. The boss grinned wildly. He loved to sell something to a sucker. No matter that the stocks were worthless, Willy thought that anything printed on bond paper in green ink with a fancy border *had* to be worth something, and for only one week's salary, ten bucks!

That night everybody in the neighborhood had seen and inspected Willy's stocks. His credit at the local beanery shot up so that he could order turkey sandwiches without getting the glower from the Greek proprietor. People looked at him now and were glad to say "Hello." Thusly Willy Wickerschnikle became a "big shot."

Now it was but a few days later when Oswald Perkins appeared in Fitzgerald Wampus' office. The boss took one look at him and almost blew his top. "You! What do you mean walking here like the cat that ate the canary after buying those phoney shares in a defunct mine!"

Perkins' face dropped. "What do ya mean, phoney shares. Those things were worth their weight in gold. That mine ran out of gold, but someone discovered that there were tin deposits there! Why, those shares give you the controlling interest in the place. You have forty-seven percent in the safe from the time you were stuck with them, and the ones I mailed you bring the total up to fifty one. You're a rich man!"

"WHAT! WHAT'S THIS? TIN?" The boss' eyes rolled in their sockets. He suddenly became a very sick man. Perkins ran to his side.

"Boss, what's the matter? Speak to me!" Wampus looked up groggily.

"I sold 'em." Then Perkins almost passed out. "I sold them to that nitwit office boy of ours . . . for ten dollars! Ohoooo! . . . . Well, don't stand there . . . do something!" Perkins picked himself up mentally and dashed out. He nearly knocked poor Willy over as he made tracks out of the office.

"Why, Willy my boy. Here, let me help you with those packages!" Perkins took the load from Willy and staggered down the aisle. Immediately out ran Wampus.

"Ah, there you are, William, I have been looking for you. Why don't you take the day off and go to the ball game? Here is a ticket . . . the best seat in the stadium!" Willy scratched his head, wondering what in blue blazes was going on. First Perkins, then this. However, he was not one to think about such things. Let fortune favor him as it may. He snatched his cap from the hook and pranced out the door. Perkins and the boss went into a conference behind closed doors.

"Think we got him?" Perkins asked.

"Don't know. Tomorrow we go to work on him. He'll turn them over for a profit . . . not too large, of course. I'll buy them back for fifteen dollars."

SO WILLY had his work done for him and sat in at a good ball game. He went home feeling like a million bucks. But no sooner did he get in the house then the landlady tiptoed out. "Man to see you, Willy, he's waiting in the parlor." "What is this?" Willy muttered as he opened the door. A very large, dignified gentleman sat there, and when he saw Willy he smiled benevolently.

"Ah, Mr. Wickerschnickle, I believe?" Willy said "yes." The big man went on. "I am Mr. Styles of the Acme Brokerage. I understand that you own four percent of the shares in the Gleeful Gopher Mine. To get to the point, I am prepared to offer you one hundred dollars for them. "What do you say?" Willy tried desperately to say something, but his mouth just hung down on his chest. Finally he let out a "HUH?" and clammed up again. Mr. Styles smiled even more. "I see you are a smart businessman, sir. I will raise the price to five hundred dollars. Think it over. At this time tomorrow I will be back and we will make a deal, yes?" Not knowing whether he was coming or going, Willy nodded his head. Mr. Styles bid him goodnight and went out.

What dreams Willy had *that* night. He rode in a flashy car... ate caviar on Melba toast, and dressed like a king. Five hundred bucks . . . WOW! The alarm clock woke him up with a bang. He shook his head thinking what a wonderful dream it was . . . then realized that it all was true and bounced out of bed and into his clothes. He didn't know if he should quit work or not. Dear Mr. Wampus . . . out of the goodness of his heart he had sold him a fortune in stocks! What a beautiful day! Whoopeee!

Fitzgerald Wampus and Perkins were the first ones at work that morning. The boss had bags under his eyes big enough to carry on a truck. Poor Perkins looked like he had slept in his clothes. When Willy came in they exchanged glances and went out to meet him. "Good morning, Willy, glad to see you in so bright and early. Step into the office a minute."

Now whenever anyone was asked into the office, it meant he was about to get a raise or get fired, and Willy knew that he wasn't due for a raise . . . or so he thought. Shaking like an ant with the heebie jeebies, he stepped in. "Willy," the boss began, "you remember those stocks I sold you? Well, by now I suppose you found out that they were worthless, so I'm going to buy them back . . . and at a profit for you! I will give you fifteen dollars for them!"

BUT WILLY WAS NO DOPE. Right away he knew that something was up. "Nix, boss, I can sell them for five hundred smackers. Styles of Acme wants 'em."

"What! Perkins, Does this mean . . ."

"I'm afraid so. Acme must have checked the ownership. They have forty nine percent over there, and that will give them the controlling interest." The boss was really shaking now. In fact he was sweating green.

"Now look, Willy. We've always been friends, haven't we? I'll not dicker. I will give you *six* hundred dollars."

"Nope. Acme will give me more."

The ante went up. So did Wampus' blood pressure. He offered one thousand, then two, then three. Suddenly the phone rang. "It's for you, William," the boss said. Willy answered it.

"Yeah? What d'ya want?" Wampus and Perkins heard a raspy voice come out of the earphone, but all they got were the words "double" and "money" . . . Perkins looked at Wampus and said, "Gad, that must be Acme . . . sounds like they will double our offer to get those shares!"

"Five?" Willy said incredulously into the phone . . . "TEN? Golly!"

Wampus started to sweat. "Now they're offering him the mint! What will I do?"

PERKINS SHOOK HIS HEAD. "Better go the limit!" Wampus nodded in assent. Willy hung up the phone. Wampus started to speak immediately.

"I suppose that was Acme, William." Willie started to say something, but Wampus stopped him. "Don't say a word." The boss and Perkins went into a huddle. For many minutes they buzzed and buzzed, then the boss took a deep breath, grunted a few times like a cow, and laid a heavy hand on Willy's shoulder.

"My lad, I have come to the conclusion that you are too smart to try to outwit. Acme is a hole in the wall that will probably not pay you for months. So, if you sell to me, you will receive cash immediately. I now offer you the sum of twenty-five G's, eh? . . ." Willy hesitated for a moment. "Hmmmmm, well, ummm . . . Okay, I'll take it!"

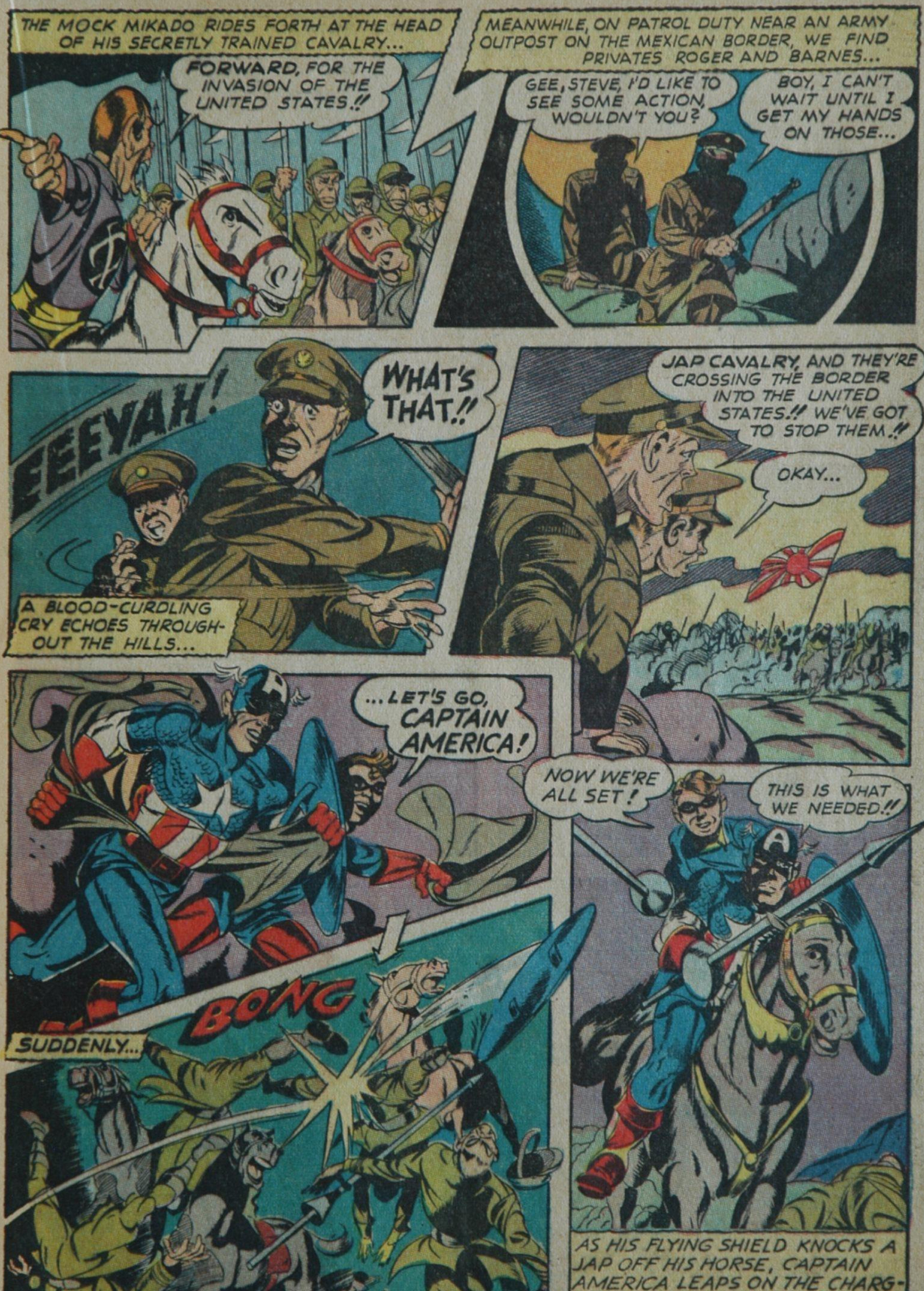
Papers were rushed out, Wampus almost ripped the door off the safe opening it, a pen was shoved into Willy's hand . . . and the deal was made. When it was all over the boss gritted his teeth. "Willy, you'll be a success, some day!" Willy tried hard to keep from grinning, but it didn't work. As he went out he broke into a horse laugh.

"IF THEY ONLY KNEW," he said to the empty desks. "If they only knew that that phone call was from my landlady upping my room rent on account of I'm a success, they would've shot me! Haw! Haw!

THE END

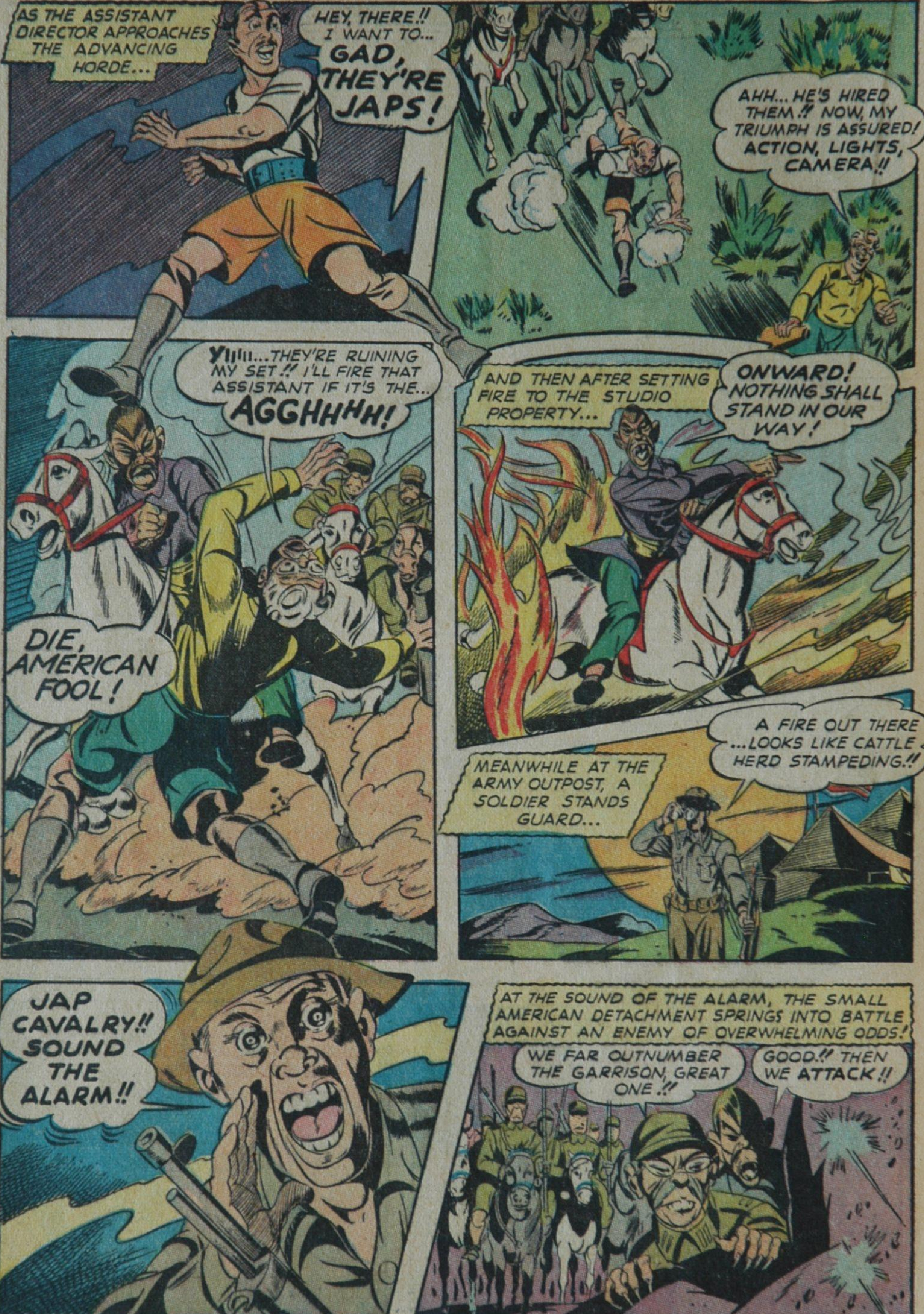
CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE MOCK MIKADO STRIKES!
OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS EAST HE COMES... THE MOCK MIKADO! DEATH AND DESTRUCTION FOLLOW IN HIS WAKE AS HE PLANS HIS HIDEOUS MASTER-BLOW AGAINST AMERICA! BUT WHEN HIS MASTER-BLOW MEETS UP WITH AMERICA'S MASTER-FIGHTERS, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY, THEN THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN!

THE TURN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY BRINGS WITH IT A NEW EMPEROR FROM THE LAND OF NIPPON.!!
OH, GREAT EMPEROR, SON OF THE RISING SUN... THE GODS HAVE FAVORED YOU WITH AN HEIR!!
NOBLE EMPEROR, 'TIS A GREAT DAY FOR YOU.!!
BUT ONLY A FEW MOMENTS AFTER THE BIRTH OF THE YOUNG MIKADO...
OH, GREAT EMPEROR, TRAGEDY HAS BEFALLEN!! A SECOND SON HAS BEEN BORN!
TWO SONS WILL MEAN TWO RULERS... AND CIVIL WAR!!
WAIT, WAIT, I HAVE A WAY OUT!!
THE EMPEROR HEARS DREADFUL NEWS... TWIN PRINCES HAVE BEEN BORN!
I WILL TAKE THIS SECOND SON, THIS MOCK MIKADO AND BUILD FOR HIM AN EMPIRE IN THE CONTINENT OF NORTH AMERICA!! YOUR SONS WILL RULE THE ENTIRE WORLD!!
EXCELLENT, BARON JOJITSO!
WEEKS LATER, A SMALL PARTY UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF THE CRAFTY BARON JOJITSO, STEAL INTO THE LAND OF MEXICO!
BUT WHY HAVE WE SELECTED MEXICO, BARON JOJITSO?
BECAUSE OF ITS NEARNESS TO THE UNITED STATES, WHERE SOME DAY, THIS LAD WILL RULE THE WESTERN WORLD!!
TIME MOVES SWIFTLY AND IN THE WINTER OF 1941, JAPAN WARS WITH THE UNITED STATES!! WHILE IN MEXICO AT THE BEDSIDE OF THE DYING BARON JOJITSO!
THE TIME HAS COME TO STRIKE!! YOUR BROTHER'S EMPIRE WARS WITH AMERICA!!
AS YOU SAY, BARON JOJITSO!
LITTLE DOES THE PUNY ONE OF EAST KNOW THAT FIRST I WILL CONQUER THE UNITED STATES AND THEN RETURN TO JAPAN AND CLAIM THE THRONE FROM HIM!!


THE MOCK MIKADO RIDES FORTH AT THE HEAD OF HIS SECRETLY TRAINED CAVALRY...
FORWARD, FOR THE INVASION OF THE UNITED STATES.!!
MEANWHILE, ON PATROL DUTY NEAR AN ARMY OUTPOST ON THE MEXICAN BORDER, WE FIND PRIVATES ROGER AND BARNES...
GEE, STEVE, I'D LIKE TO SEE SOME ACTION, WOULDN'T YOU?
BOY, I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON THOSE...
EEEYAH!
WHAT'S THAT.!!
A BLOOD-CURDLING CRY ECHOES THROUGHOUT THE HILLS...
JAP CAVALRY, AND THEY'RE CROSSING THE BORDER INTO THE UNITED STATES.!! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM.!!
OKAY...
...LET'S GO, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
SUDDENLY...
BONG
NOW WE'RE ALL SET!
THIS IS WHAT WE NEEDED!!
AS HIS FLYING SHIELD KNOCKS A JAP OFF HIS HORSE, CAPTAIN AMERICA LEAPS ON THE CHARGER, WITH BUCKY RIGHT BEHIND!

WE'RE STOPPIN' 'EM, CAP, WE'RE STOPPIN' 'EM!
NOT BAD FOR A COUPLE OF AMATEUR LANCERS!!
DOG OF DOGS, I'LL CLEAVE THEM IN!!
IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE, THE MOCK MIKADO, RACES TO THE FORE....
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, GRUESOME, BUT YOUR SWORD IS ANNOYING ME!
CLANG
AIEEEE! MY SWORD!
THEY STRUCK THE MOCK MIKADO! DEATH TO THE SWINE!!
HERE THEY COME, CAP!! A MILLION OF 'EM!!
WE BETTER GET BEHIND THOSE ROCKS!! WE CAN HOLD THEM OFF BETTER THERE!!
IN A FEW MINUTES I'LL PROVE MYSELF TO MY MEN!!
AS CAP AND BUCKY BATTLE SAVAGELY TO HOLD THEIR GROUND, THE CRAFTY MOCK MIKADO RACES UP THE SMALL HILLTOP...
...AND SPURRING HIS HORSE, THE JAP LEADER LEAPS INTO SPACE...
DOGS... BE TRAMPLED BY THE MOCK MIKADO!!
BUCKY, LOOK OUT!!

BLAM
CAP'S MIGHTY SHIELD SAVES HIM AND BUCKY FROM AN AWFUL DOOM!
TAKE THEM BACK TO OUR CAMP!! WHEN CALIFORNIA IS IN MY HANDS, WE WILL HOLD A PUBLIC EXECUTION.!!
AS YOU SAY, GREAT MIKADO!!
ONWARD TO VICTORY!!
IN THE DESERT JUST NORTH OF THE BORDER, A HOLLYWOOD TROUPE PREPARES FOR THE FILMING OF A SCENE...
YOU'RE MY ASSISTANT!! GET ME A MOB SCENE!! A MOB SCENE!! MILLIONS OF PEOPLE!! DO YOU HEAR?
BUT MR. STANISLAV, I CAN'T GET A MILLION PEOPLE TO COME OUT HERE FOR ONE SCENE.!!
NO EXCUSES!! WHEN I WANT A MOB, YOU GET IT.!! AHH.. LOOK!!
SEE THAT MOB OUT THERE?.. QUICK, TELL THEM DIRECTOR STANISLAV WANTS TO HIRE THEM FOR A FEW MINUTES.!!
YES, YES SIR!!
THIS SCENE WILL BE SO REALISTIC, I'M SURE I'LL WIN THE ACADEMY AWARD!! HA, ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR STANISLAV!!


AS THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR APPROACHES THE ADVANCING HORDE...
HEY, THERE!! I WANT TO... GAD, THEY'RE JAPS!
AHH... HE'S HIRED THEM!! NOW, MY TRIUMPH IS ASSURED! ACTION, LIGHTS, CAMERA!!
YIIII... THEY'RE RUINING MY SET!! I'LL FIRE THAT ASSISTANT IF IT'S THE... AGGHHHH!
DIE, AMERICAN FOOL!
AND THEN AFTER SETTING FIRE TO THE STUDIO PROPERTY...
ONWARD! NOTHING SHALL STAND IN OUR WAY!
MEANWHILE AT THE ARMY OUTPOST, A SOLDIER STANDS GUARD...
A FIRE OUT THERE ...LOOKS LIKE CATTLE HERD STAMPEDING!!
JAP CAVALRY!! SOUND THE ALARM!!
AT THE SOUND OF THE ALARM, THE SMALL AMERICAN DETACHMENT SPRINGS INTO BATTLE AGAINST AN ENEMY OF OVERWHELMING ODDS!
WE FAR OUTNUMBER THE GARRISON, GREAT ONE!!
GOOD!! THEN WE ATTACK!!

THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS FIGHT HEROICALLY BUT ARE OVERWHELMED BY SUPERIOR NUMBERS...
ENOUGH OF THIS!! ON TO LOS ANGELES!!
MEANWHILE, IN MEXICO AT THE MOCK MIKADO'S RANCH, CAP AND BUCKY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS...
SO YOU TWO AWAKEN!! GOOD, THEN MAYBE YOU'RE INTERESTED IN KNOWING THAT THE MOCK MIKADO HAS CAPTURED CALIFORNIA!!
GOSH!!
ME GO DRINK MORE RICE WINE FOR CELEBRATION!!
GOOD!! THAT'LL GIVE ME CHANCE TO GET US FREE!! THAT WIRE...
CAP'S KEEN EYES SPOT A LOOSE TELEPHONE WIRE ON THE WALL NEARBY...
HEY!! WHAT'RE YOU UP TO?
LITTLE BOYS SHOULD LOOK AND NOT SAY ANYTHING!!
NOW YOU'VE CAUSED A SHORT CIRCUIT, CAP!
BUT LOOK... NOW ALL I DO IS BURN MY CORDS OFF... AND THEN SET YOU FREE!!
LET'S GO, BUCKY!! WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH SOME JAPS!!
YAHOO!

YAHOOOOO!!
PRISONERS MAKE MUCH NOISE!! ME GET RIFLE AND GIVE THEM ---
LOOKING FOR THIS??
EYAHHHH!!
OH BOY, BUCKY, A MOTORCYCLE!! JUST WHAT UNCLE SAM ORDERED!!
YIPPEEEE!! RIDE 'EM COWBOY!!
AFTER BREATHLESS MOMENTS OF RIDING...
CALIFORNIA
WE'RE AT THE BORDER, CAP!!
CALIFORNIA, HERE WE COME!!
ACROSS THE BORDER LINE, CAP AND BUCKY MEET A BADLY WOUNDED SOLDIER...
WHAT HAPPENED, SOLDIER? WHAT'S UP?
JAP LEADER CAPTURED CALIFORNIA..AND THERE'S A JAP INVASION FLEET SAILING IN TO JOIN HIM!! WE CAN'T DO A THING!! HE'S HOLDING ALL CIVILIANS AS HOSTAGES!! HE'LL KILL 'EM ALL IF OUR ARMY MAKES ONE MOVE!!
HAVE OUR MEN SNEAK UP AND ENCIRCLE THE GULLY WITH MACHINE GUNS!! I'LL LEAD THE MOCK MIKADO AND HIS MONKEYS INTO IT!!
YOU TWO AGAINST THAT ARMY... HOW'LL YOU DO IT?
DON'T KNOW YET, BUT IT'LL BE DONE...I PROMISE!
BOY, WHAT A PAIR!!

AFTER A BRIEF BUT HARD RIDE, CAP AND BUCKY ARRIVE AT THE JAP ENCAMPMENT...
HALT!! YIII!! IT'S THEM!! I WARN THE...
THANKS FOR THE SWORD!!
YOU WON'T DO ANY WARNING TO-DAY, BUD!
THROUGH THE ROWS OF TENTS, RACE THE DYNAMIC DUO, SLASHING AWAY AT THE ROPES!
LOOK, CAP, THE ROOF'S CAVING IN ON THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE!!
SLASH
DON'T STOP NOW, LAD!
THIS TENT LOOKS FANCIER THAN THE OTHERS... MUST BE THE MIKADO'S!! GUESS I'LL DROP IN AND PAY MY RESPECTS!!
AS THE WILY MOCK MIKADO WAITS TO DEAL CAP A DEATH BLOW FROM BEHIND, HE FORGETS THAT CAP CAN SEE HIS SHADOW!
OKAY, MR ALMOND EYES... I'M BACK FOR A...
BONG
RETURN BOUT! TSK, TSK, TOO SLOW!
THIS ISN'T AS SHARP AS AN AXE, BUT IT'S GOT SOME STING!!

I MUST GET OUT OF HERE !!
GUARDS! WHERE ARE MY GUARDS?
LOOK, THE GREAT WINDBAG'S ON THE RUN !!
THAT'S JUST THE THING WE WANT!! THOSE HORSES, BUCKY !!
REMEMBER US?
HELLLLPPP
AT THE MOCK MIKADO'S CALL, HIS MEN COME STAGGERING OUT OF THEIR TUMBLED-DOWN TENTS...
HELLLLLP
LOOK!! THE MIKADO IS CAPTURED!!
HORSES, MEN!! WE RIDE TO AVENGE OUR GREAT LEADER:
THEIR PRISONER HELD SECURELY BETWEEN THEM, CAP AND BUCKY SPEED INTO A NARROW PASS...
NOT BAD, CAP... WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE MESS OF 'EM AFTER US!!
GOOD!!

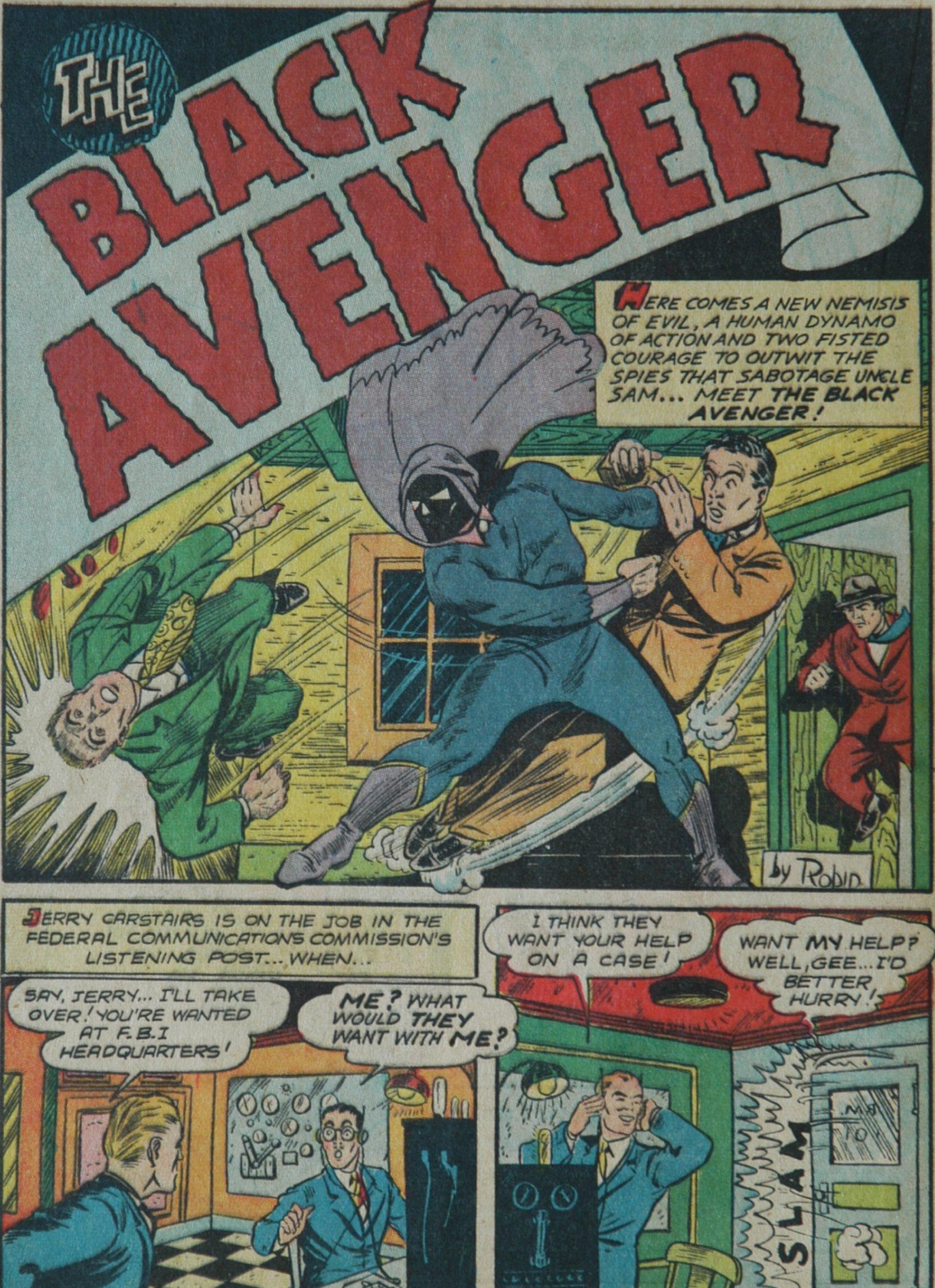
BANZAI!!
DEATH TO THE AMERICANS!!
AVENGE THE MOCK MIKADO!!
WHOA.!!
THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!!
AT THE OTHER END OF THE GULLY...
AT LAST, FOOLS, YOUR END IS HERE!! MOUNTAINS SURROUND THIS PASS ON THREE SIDES, AND FROM YOUR ONLY WAY OF ESCAPE COME MY MEN!
O.K. CAP, GIVE THIS GUY THE BAD NEWS!
WISE-GUY, WATCH AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
WHEEE
IN ANSWER TO CAP'S SHRILL WHISTLE, THE SURROUNDING MOUNTAINS BECOME ALIVE WITH AMERICAN MACHINE GUN NESTS...
RAT TAT TAT
RAT TAT TAT
BY BUDDHA... IT'S A TRAP!!
YEAH, AND YOU'RE THE CHEESE THAT TRAPPED THE RATS!!
FIGHT ON, YOU FOOLS... BUT SOON OUR FLEET WILL LAND ON YOUR COAST LINE AND I'LL RULE THE WESTERN WORLD!
OH NO, YOU WON'T!! DO YOU HEAR THAT....

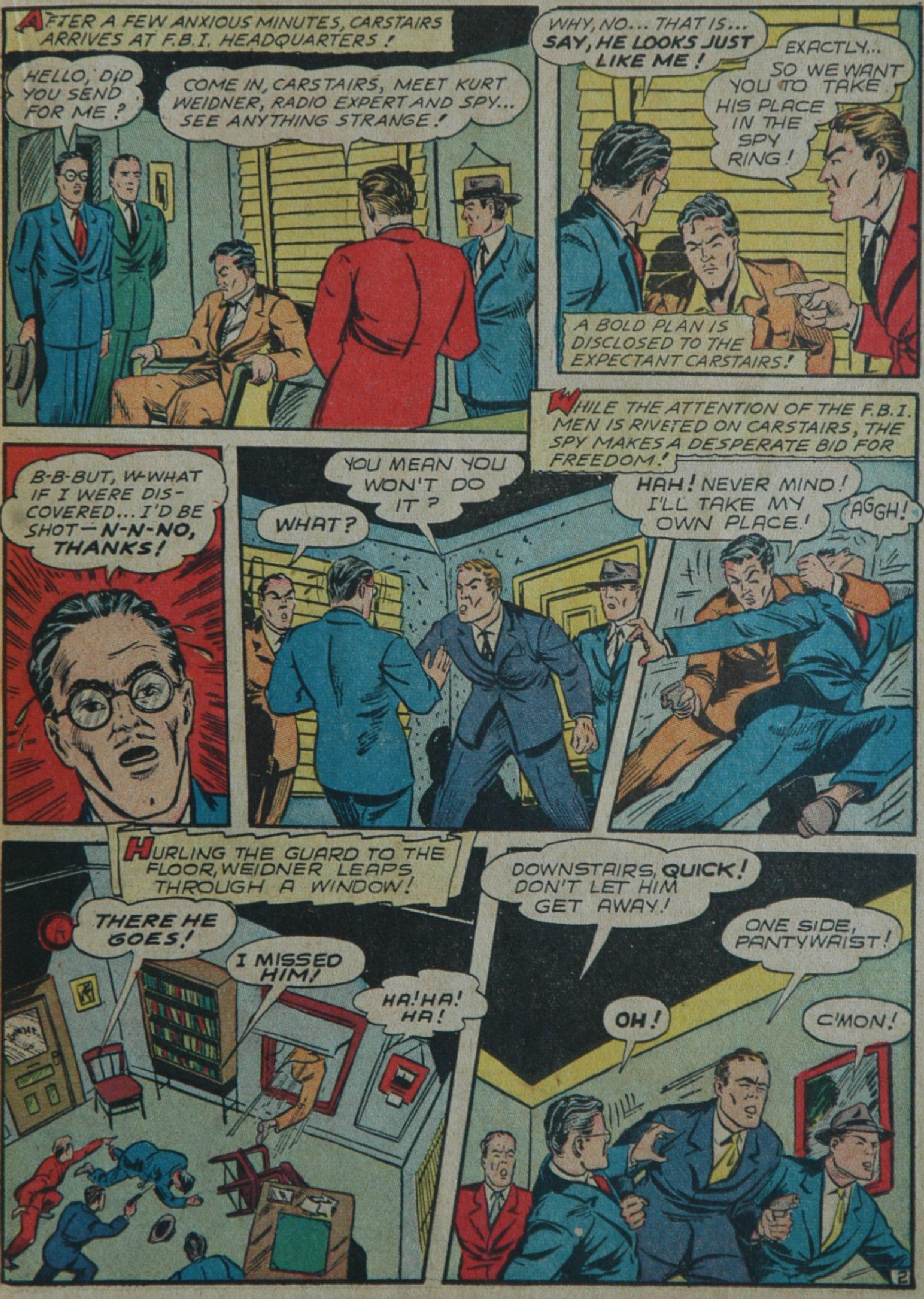
AMERICAN BOMBING PLANES!!
NOW THAT THE CIVILIANS OF CALIFORNIA ARE OUT OF YOUR HANDS, THE AIR FORCE'LL BLAST YOUR INVADING ARMADA TO BITS!!
THE DRONE OF MOTORS OVERHEAD SOUNDS THE DEATH KNELL OF THE JAP INVASION FLEET OFF THE WEST COAST!
BOOM BOOM BOOM
QUIET, YOU TWO!! I'M LISTENING TO THE MUSIC OF THE AMERICAN BOMBERS PLAYING THE MOCK MIKADO'S FUNERAL SONG!!
LATER, AS SERGEANT DUFFY SUPERVISES THE ROUND-UP OF THE JAPANESE PRISONERS...
WHY, IT'S THE MOCK MIKADO!! LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY PINNED A NOTE TO HIM!!
WELL, I'LL BE...
HERE'S THAT MAN FROM JAPAN! HE'S PLENTY FRAGILE, BUT DON'T HANDLE WITH CARE. (SIGNED) CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY
THE MOCK MIKADO, MAJOR...COMPLIMENTS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!!
WHAT A PAIR OF MEN THOSE TWO ARE!! I'D LIKE TO THANK THEM PERSONALLY!!
BUT FAR FROM THOUGHTS OF PERSONAL GLORY, CAP AND BUCKY ARE HURRYING BACK TO CAMP TO RESUME THEIR ROLES AS PRIVATES ROGERS AND BARNES...
WONDER WHAT EXCUSE WE CAN GIVE THE SERGEANT FOR BEING ABSENT WHEN ALL THE SHOOTING TOOK PLACE!
TELL HIM WE RAN INTO A BUNCH OF SNAKES-IN-THE-GRASS!!
THE END

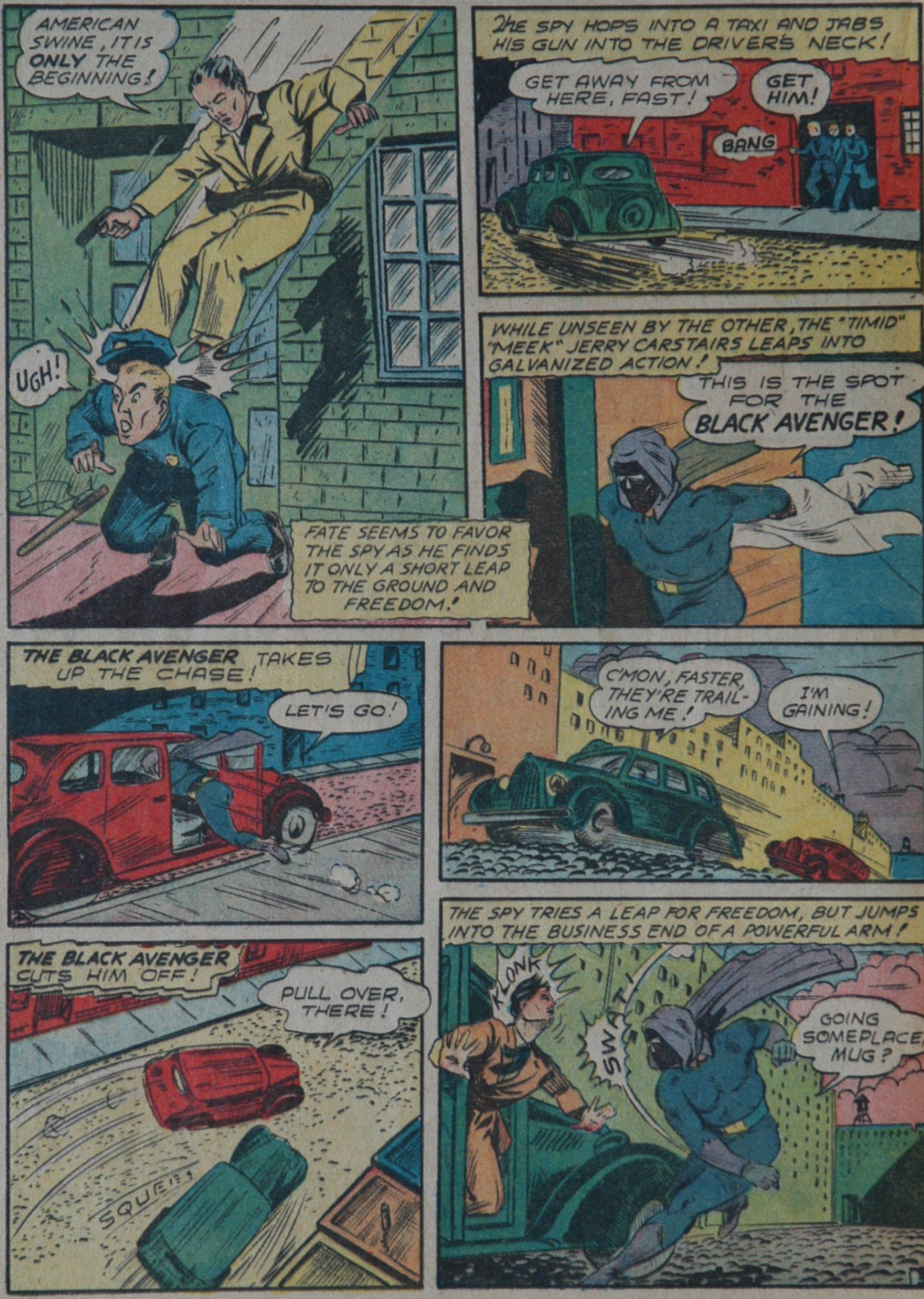
Tops! in
THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
HEY, KIDS!
EVERY MONTH

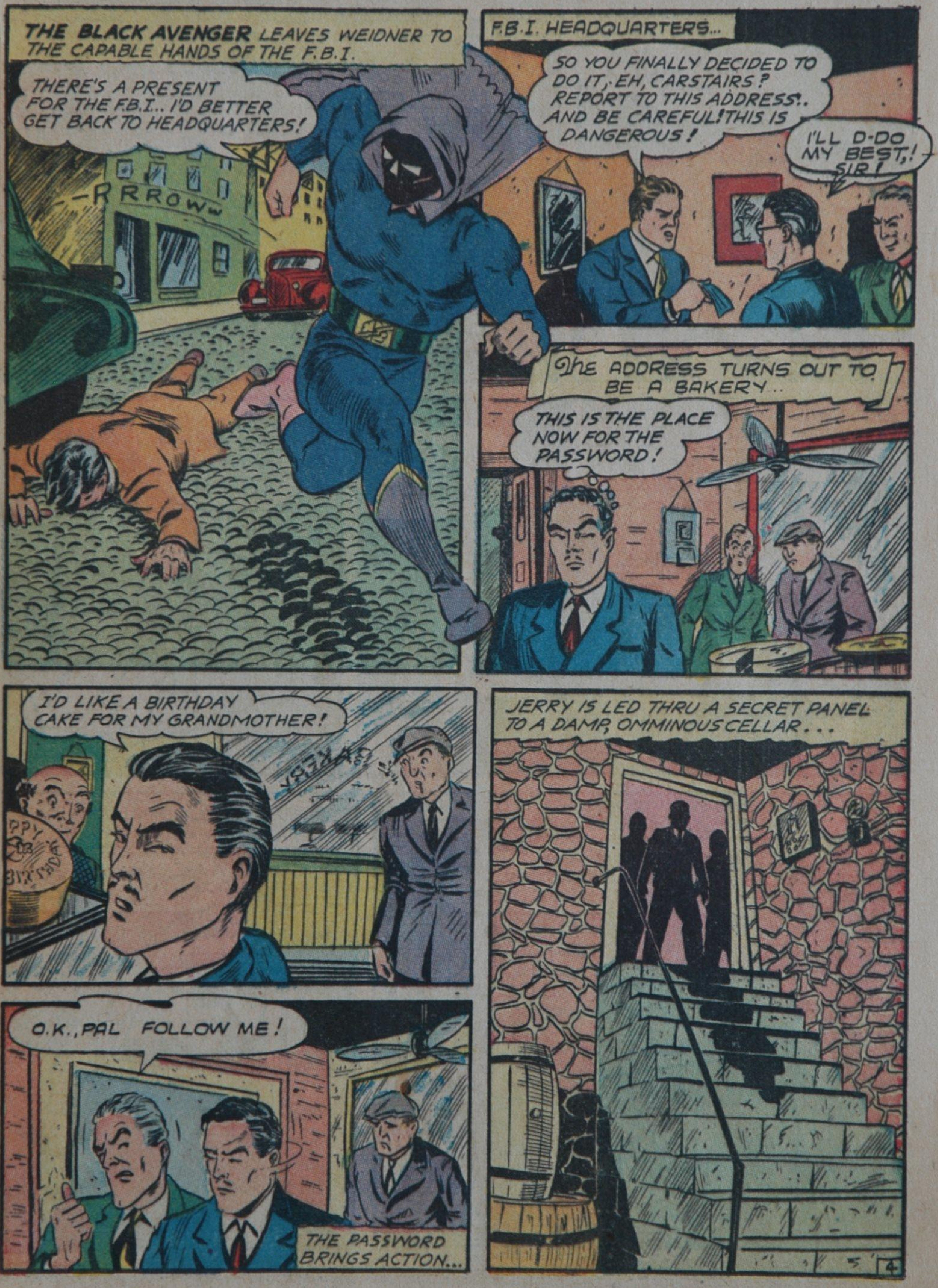
YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

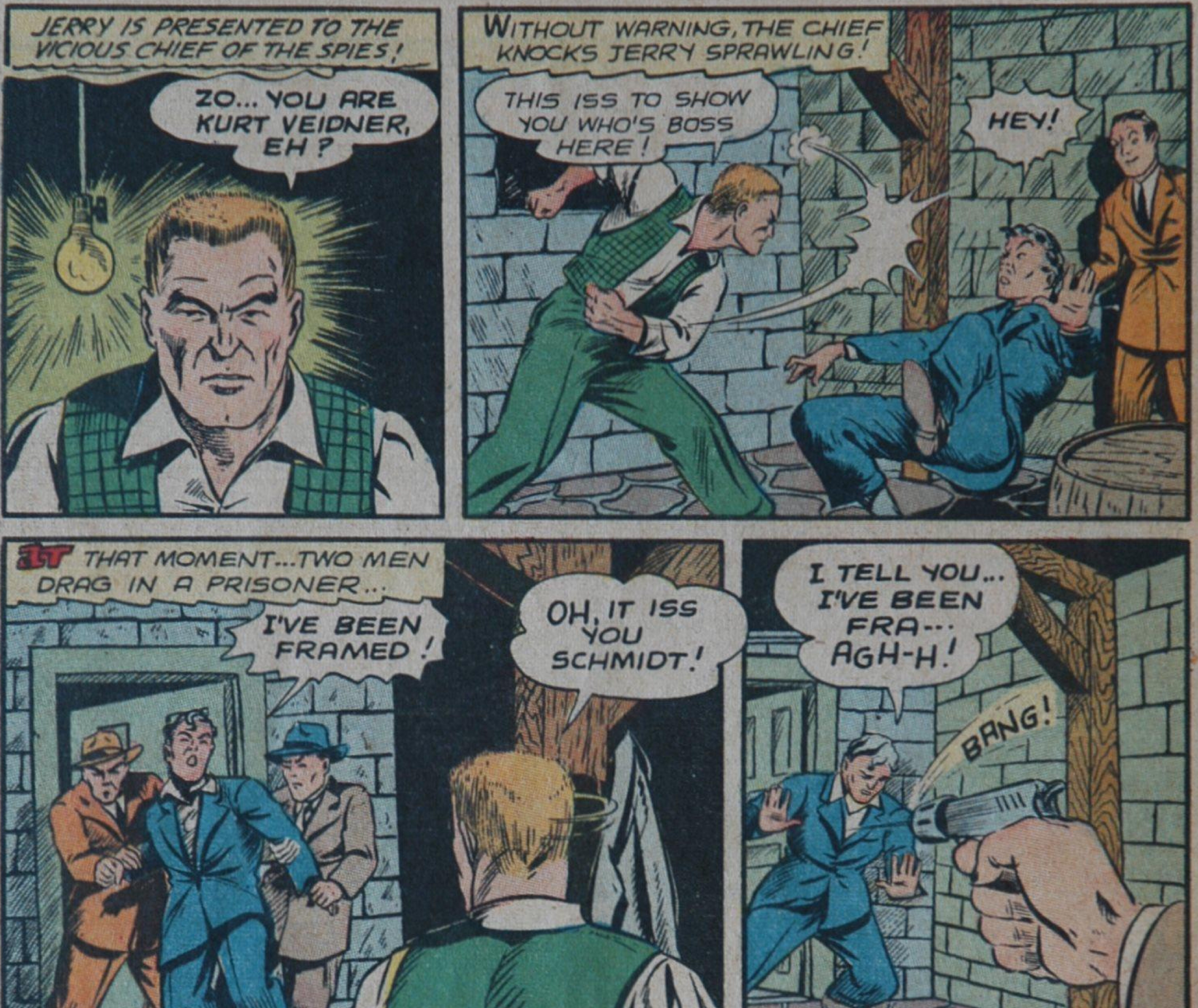
NAME____________________________
STREET____________________________
CITY AND STATE____________________________

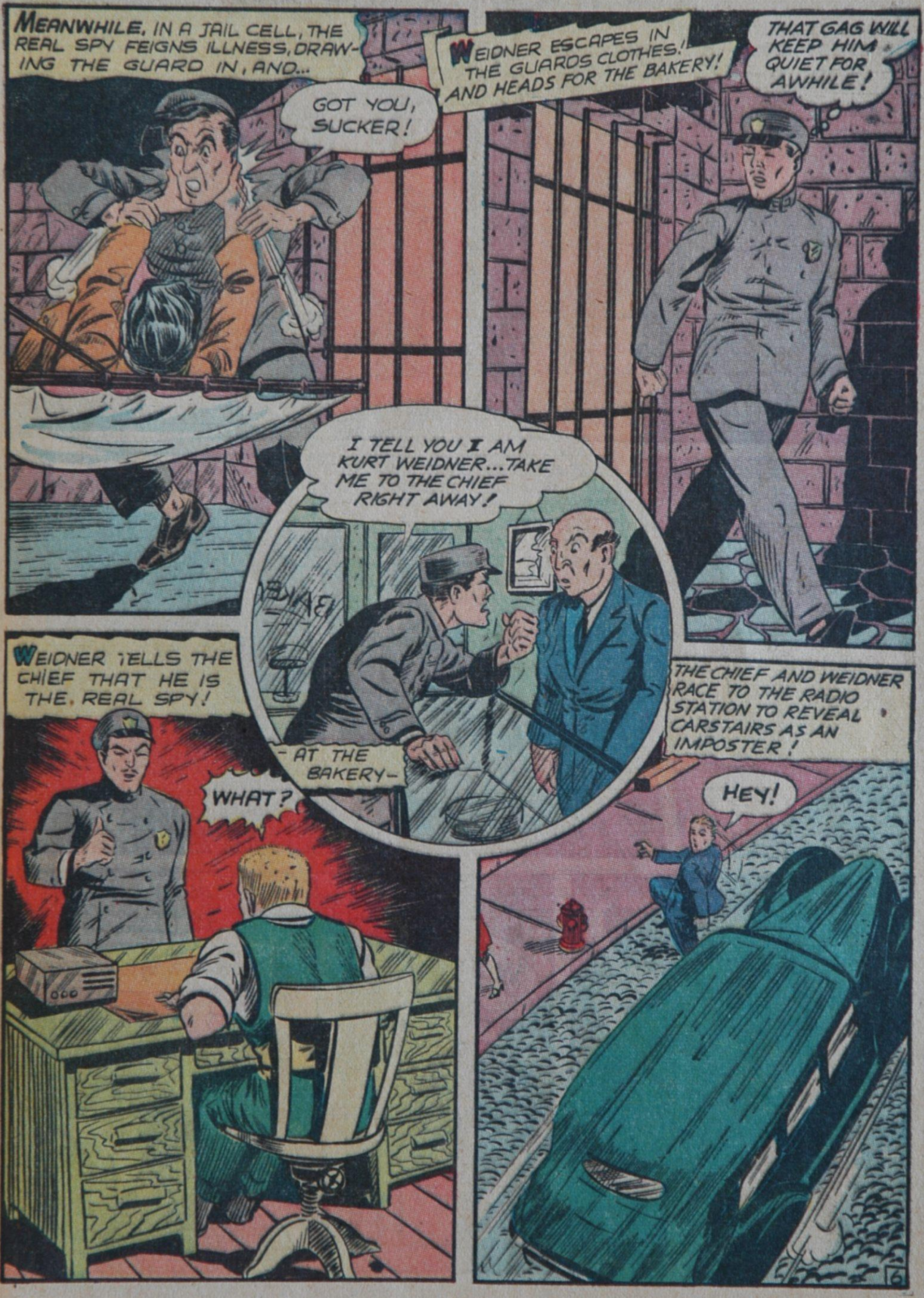

THE BLACK AVENGER
HERE COMES A NEW NEMISIS OF EVIL, A HUMAN DYNAMO OF ACTION AND TWO FISTED COURAGE TO OUTWIT THE SPIES THAT SABOTAGE UNCLE SAM... MEET THE BLACK AVENGER!
by Robin
JERRY CARSTAIRS IS ON THE JOB IN THE FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION'S LISTENING POST... WHEN...
SAY, JERRY... I'LL TAKE OVER! YOU'RE WANTED AT F.B.I HEADQUARTERS!
ME? WHAT WOULD THEY WANT WITH ME?
I THINK THEY WANT YOUR HELP ON A CASE!
WANT MY HELP? WELL, GEE... I'D BETTER HURRY!
SLAM
1

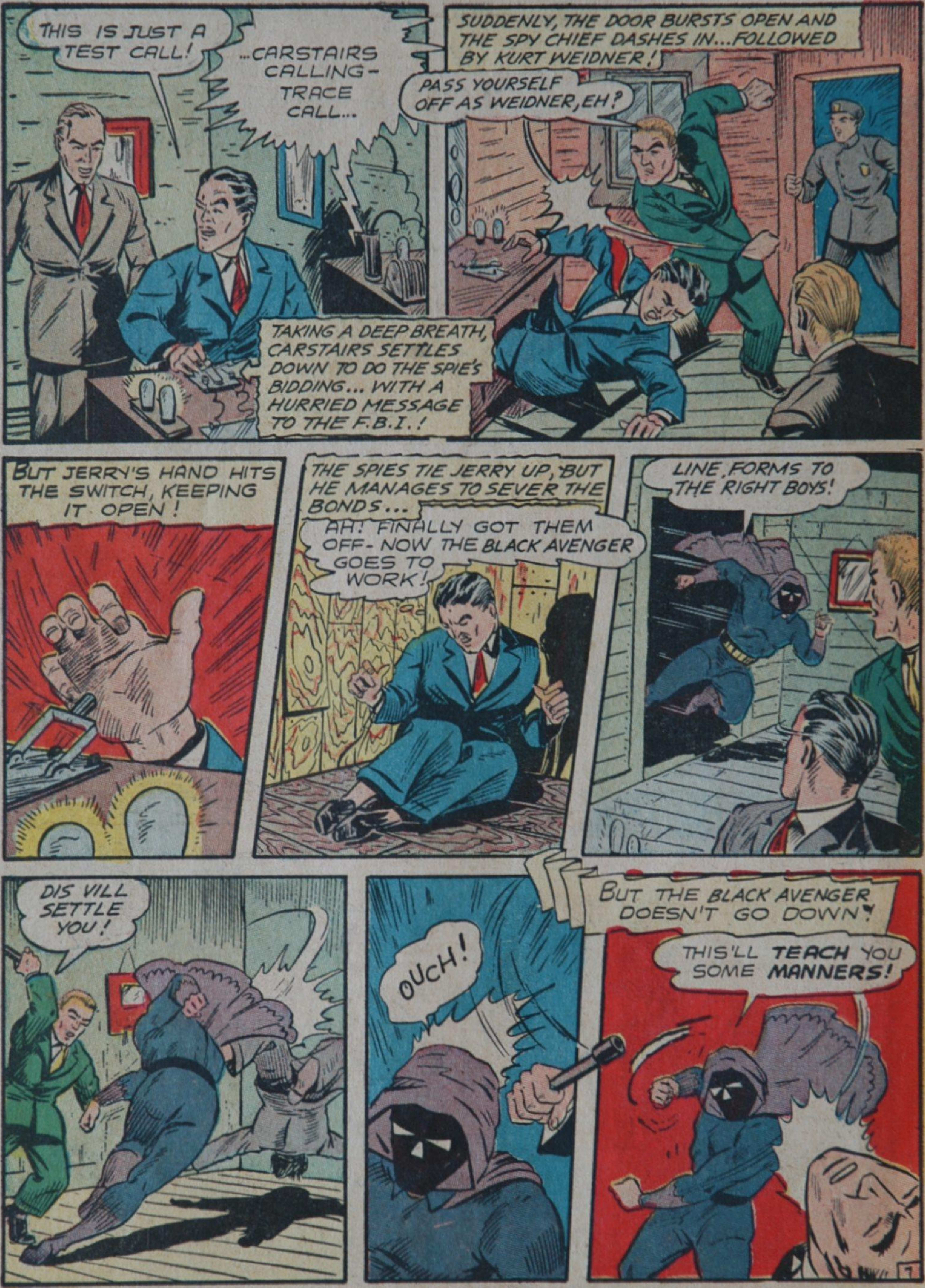

AFTER A FEW ANXIOUS MINUTES, CARSTAIRS ARRIVES AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS!
HELLO, DID YOU SEND FOR ME?
COME IN, CARSTAIRS, MEET KURT WEIDNER, RADIO EXPERT AND SPY... SEE ANYTHING STRANGE!
WHY, NO... THAT IS... SAY, HE LOOKS JUST LIKE ME!
EXACTLY... SO WE WANT YOU TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE SPY RING!
A BOLD PLAN IS DISCLOSED TO THE EXPECTANT CARSTAIRS!
B-B-BUT, W-WHAT IF I WERE DISCOVERED... I'D BE SHOT—N-N-NO, THANKS!
WHAT?
YOU MEAN YOU WON'T DO IT?
WHILE THE ATTENTION OF THE F.B.I. MEN IS RIVETED ON CARSTAIRS, THE SPY MAKES A DESPERATE BID FOR FREEDOM!
HAH! NEVER MIND! I'LL TAKE MY OWN PLACE!
AGGH!
HURLING THE GUARD TO THE FLOOR, WEIDNER LEAPS THROUGH A WINDOW!
THERE HE GOES!
I MISSED HIM!
HA! HA! HA!
DOWNSTAIRS, QUICK! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
ONE SIDE, PANTYWAIST!
OH!
C'MON!

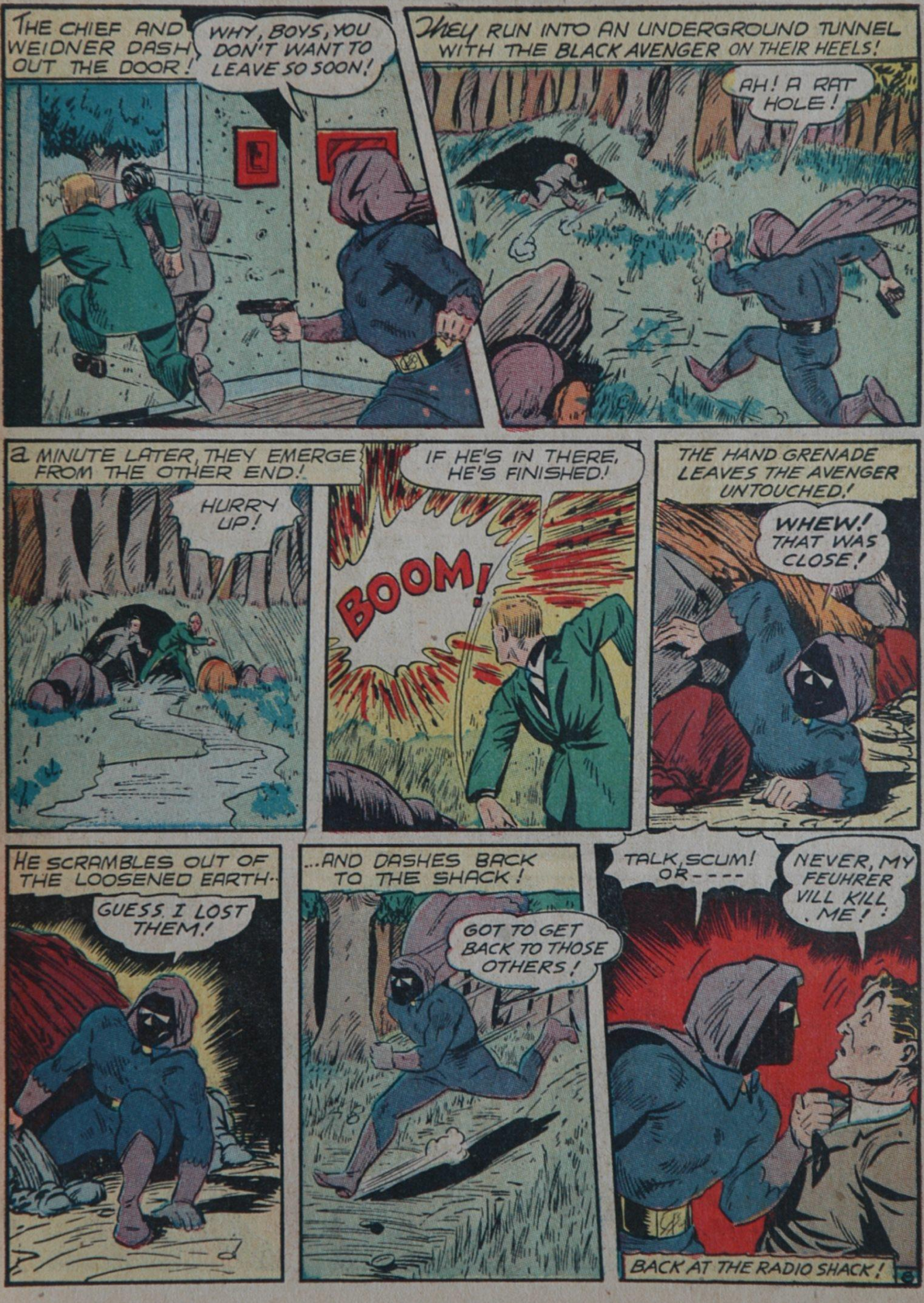

AMERICAN SWINE, IT IS **ONLY** THE BEGINNING!
UGH!
FATE SEEMS TO FAVOR THE SPY AS HE FINDS IT ONLY A SHORT LEAP TO THE GROUND AND FREEDOM!
THE SPY HOPS INTO A TAXI AND JABS HIS GUN INTO THE DRIVER'S NECK!
GET AWAY FROM HERE, FAST!
GET HIM!
BANG
WHILE UNSEEN BY THE OTHER, THE "TIMID" "MEEK" JERRY CARSTAIRS LEAPS INTO GALVANIZED ACTION!
THIS IS THE SPOT FOR THE **BLACK AVENGER!**
THE BLACK AVENGER TAKES UP THE CHASE!
LET'S GO!
C'MON, FASTER, THEY'RE TRAILING ME!
I'M GAINING!
THE BLACK AVENGER CUTS HIM OFF!
PULL OVER, THERE!
SQUEE!
THE SPY TRIES A LEAP FOR FREEDOM, BUT JUMPS INTO THE BUSINESS END OF A POWERFUL ARM!
KLONK
SWAT
GOING SOMEPLACE, MUG?

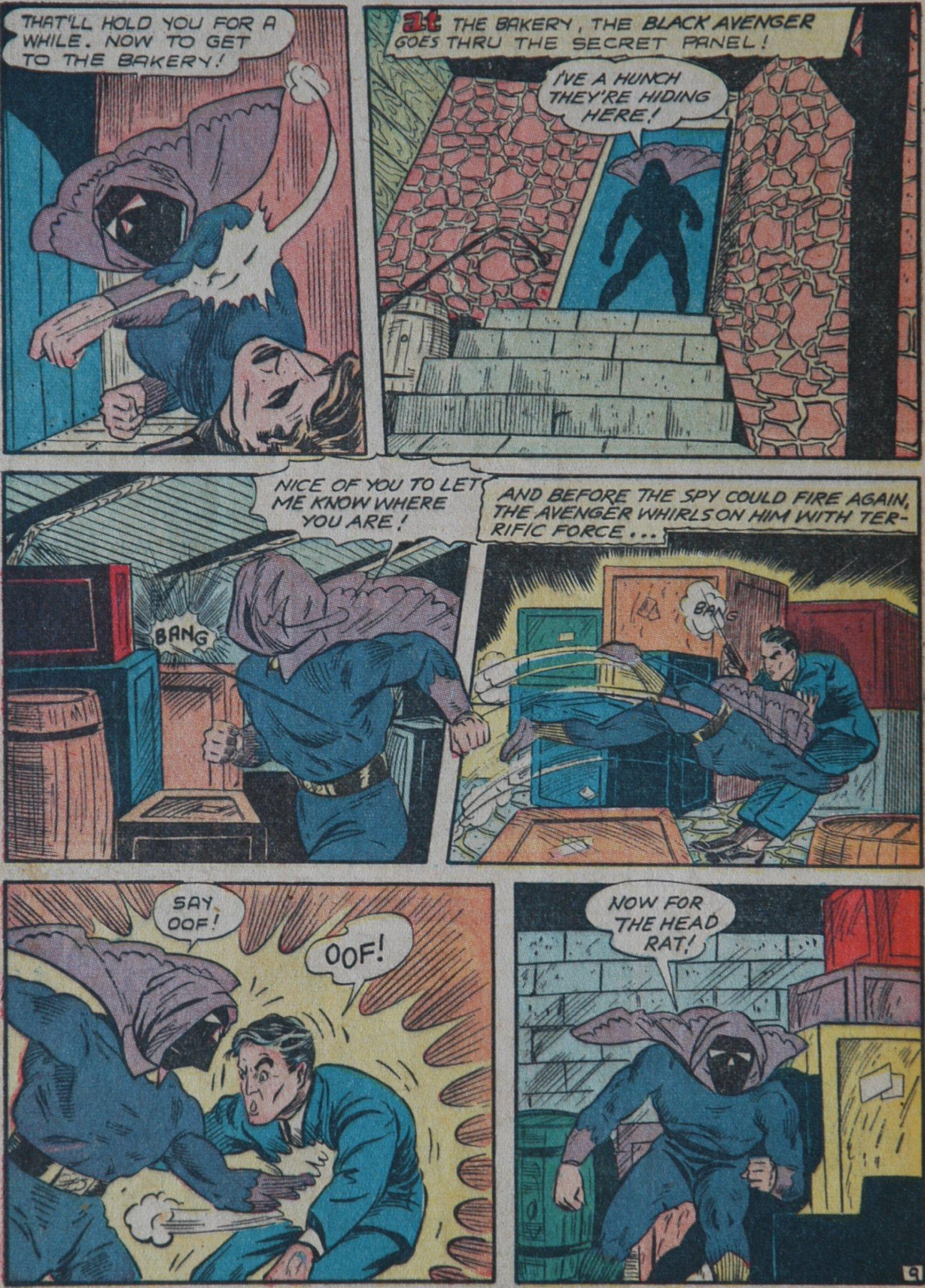

THE BLACK AVENGER LEAVES WEIDNER TO THE CAPABLE HANDS OF THE F.B.I.
THERE'S A PRESENT FOR THE F.B.I... I'D BETTER GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS!
F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...
SO YOU FINALLY DECIDED TO DO IT, EH, CARSTAIRS? REPORT TO THIS ADDRESS!.. AND BE CAREFUL! THIS IS DANGEROUS!
I'LL D-DO MY BEST,! SIR!
THE ADDRESS TURNS OUT TO BE A BAKERY...
THIS IS THE PLACE NOW FOR THE PASSWORD!
I'D LIKE A BIRTHDAY CAKE FOR MY GRANDMOTHER!
O.K., PAL FOLLOW ME!
THE PASSWORD BRINGS ACTION...
JERRY IS LED THRU A SECRET PANEL TO A DAMP, OMMINOUS CELLAR...

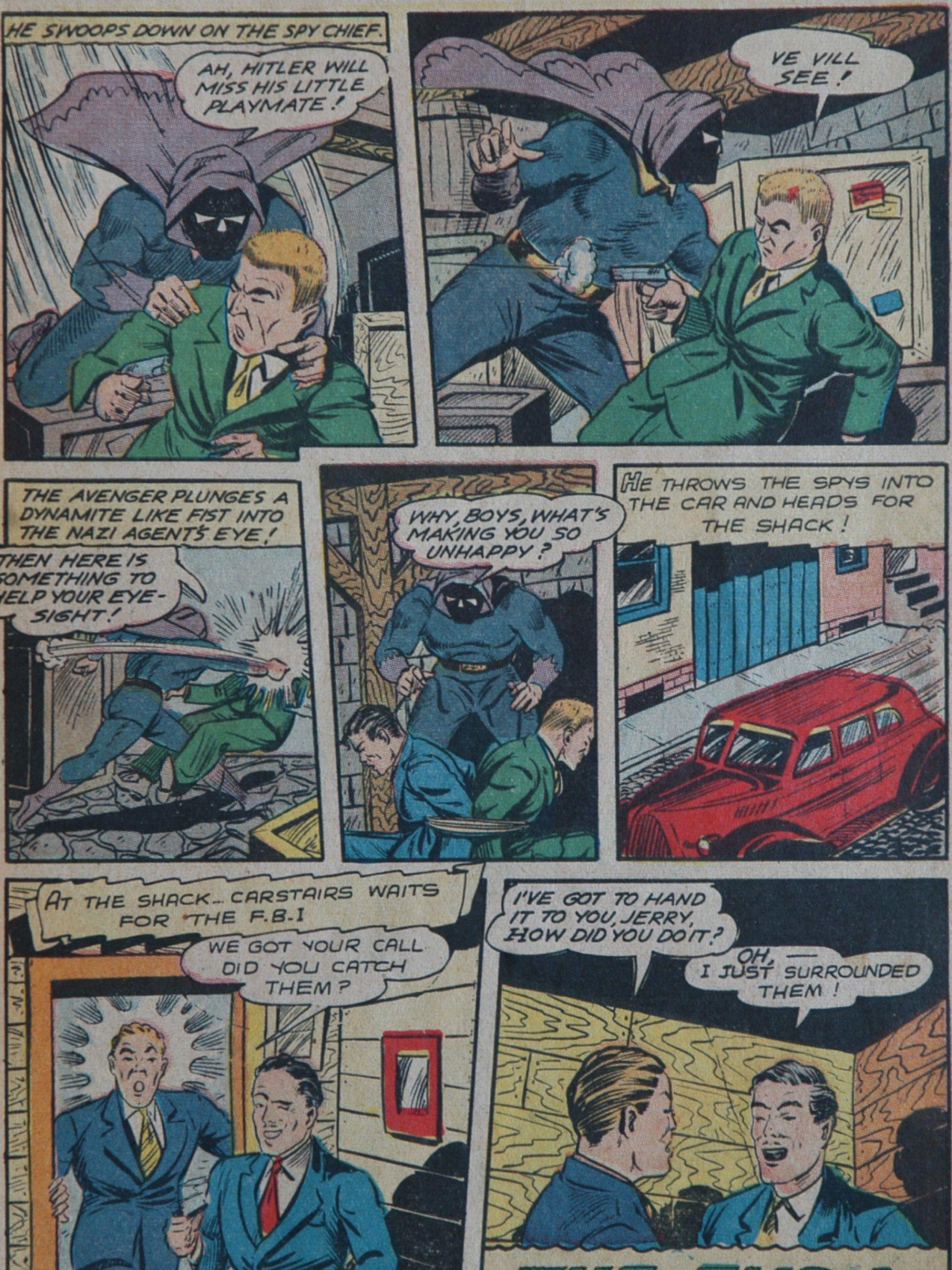

JERRY IS PRESENTED TO THE VICIOUS CHIEF OF THE SPIES!
ZO... YOU ARE KURT VEIDNER, EH?
WITHOUT WARNING, THE CHIEF KNOCKS JERRY SPRAWLING!
THIS ISS TO SHOW YOU WHO'S BOSS HERE!
HEY!
AT THAT MOMENT...TWO MEN DRAG IN A PRISONER...
I'VE BEEN FRAMED!
OH, IT ISS YOU SCHMIDT!
I TELL YOU... I'VE BEEN FRA--- AGH-H!
BANG!
THE BODY IS THROWN INTO AN OPEN FIRE AT THE ORDERS OF THE SPY-CHIEF...
THAT'S THE WAY I HANDLE **TRAITORS**... NOW FOR YOUR ORDERS!
JERRY IS BLINDFOLDED AND DRIVEN OFF IN THE CAR..
TAKE HIM TO DER RADIO STATION!
5

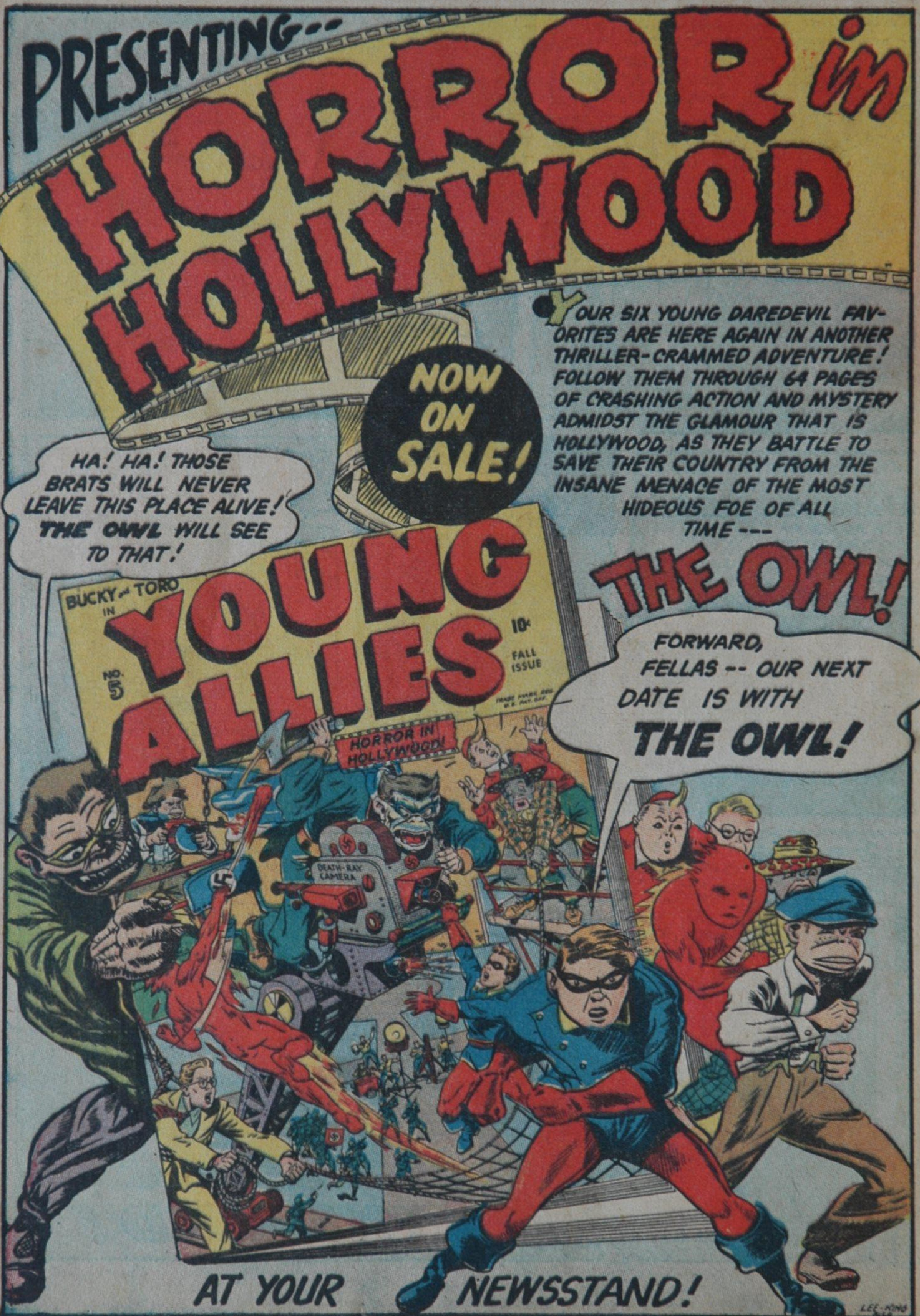

MEANWHILE, IN A JAIL CELL, THE REAL SPY FEIGNS ILLNESS, DRAWING THE GUARD IN, AND...
GOT YOU, SUCKER!
WEIDNER ESCAPES IN THE GUARDS CLOTHES! AND HEADS FOR THE BAKERY!
THAT GAG WILL KEEP HIM QUIET FOR AWHILE!
I TELL YOU I AM KURT WEIDNER...TAKE ME TO THE CHIEF RIGHT AWAY!
- AT THE BAKERY-
WEIDNER TELLS THE CHIEF THAT HE IS THE REAL SPY!
WHAT?
THE CHIEF AND WEIDNER RACE TO THE RADIO STATION TO REVEAL CARSTAIRS AS AN IMPOSTER!
HEY!
6


THIS IS JUST A TEST CALL!
...CARSTAIRS CALLING- TRACE CALL...
TAKING A DEEP BREATH, CARSTAIRS SETTLES DOWN TO DO THE SPIE'S BIDDING... WITH A HURRIED MESSAGE TO THE F.B.I.!
SUDDENLY, THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND THE SPY CHIEF DASHES IN... FOLLOWED BY KURT WEIDNER!
PASS YOURSELF OFF AS WEIDNER, EH?
BUT JERRY'S HAND HITS THE SWITCH, KEEPING IT OPEN!
THE SPIES TIE JERRY UP, BUT HE MANAGES TO SEVER THE BONDS...
AH! FINALLY GOT THEM OFF- NOW THE BLACK AVENGER GOES TO WORK!
LINE FORMS TO THE RIGHT BOYS!
DIS VILL SETTLE YOU!
OUCH!
BUT THE BLACK AVENGER DOESN'T GO DOWN!
THIS'LL **TEACH** YOU SOME **MANNERS!**


THE CHIEF AND WEIDNER DASH OUT THE DOOR!
WHY, BOYS, YOU DON'T WANT TO LEAVE SO SOON!
THEY RUN INTO AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL WITH THE BLACK AVENGER ON THEIR HEELS!
AH! A RAT HOLE!
A MINUTE LATER, THEY EMERGE FROM THE OTHER END!
HURRY UP!
IF HE'S IN THERE, HE'S FINISHED!
BOOM!
THE HAND GRENADE LEAVES THE AVENGER UNTOUCHED!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
HE SCRAMBLES OUT OF THE LOOSENED EARTH··
GUESS I LOST THEM!
...AND DASHES BACK TO THE SHACK!
GOT TO GET BACK TO THOSE OTHERS!
TALK, SCUM! OR----
NEVER, MY FEUHRER VILL KILL ME!
BACK AT THE RADIO SHACK!


THAT'LL HOLD YOU FOR A WHILE. NOW TO GET TO THE BAKERY!
AT THE BAKERY, THE BLACK AVENGER GOES THRU THE SECRET PANEL!
I'VE A HUNCH THEY'RE HIDING HERE!
NICE OF YOU TO LET ME KNOW WHERE YOU ARE!
BANG
AND BEFORE THE SPY COULD FIRE AGAIN, THE AVENGER WHIRLS ON HIM WITH TERRIFIC FORCE...
BANG
SAY OOF!
OOF!
NOW FOR THE HEAD RAT!


HE SWOOPS DOWN ON THE SPY CHIEF.
AH, HITLER WILL MISS HIS LITTLE PLAYMATE!
VE VILL SEE!
THE AVENGER PLUNGES A DYNAMITE LIKE FIST INTO THE NAZI AGENT'S EYE!
THEN HERE IS SOMETHING TO HELP YOUR EYE-SIGHT!
WHY, BOYS, WHAT'S MAKING YOU SO UNHAPPY?
HE THROWS THE SPYS INTO THE CAR AND HEADS FOR THE SHACK!
AT THE SHACK... CARSTAIRS WAITS FOR THE F.B.I
WE GOT YOUR CALL DID YOU CATCH THEM?
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, JERRY, HOW DID YOU DO IT?
OH, — I JUST SURROUNDED THEM!
THE END!


PRESENTING--
HORROR in HOLLYWOOD
NOW ON SALE!
HA! HA! THOSE BRATS WILL NEVER LEAVE THIS PLACE ALIVE! THE OWL WILL SEE TO THAT!
BUCKY — TORO IN
YOUNG ALLIES
10¢
FALL ISSUE
NO. 5
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
HORROR IN HOLLYWOOD!
DEATH-RAY CAMERA
THE OWL!
FORWARD, FELLAS -- OUR NEXT DATE IS WITH THE OWL!
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!
LEE-KING

YOUR SIX YOUNG DAREDEVIL FAVORITES ARE HERE AGAIN IN ANOTHER THRILLER-CRAMMED ADVENTURE! FOLLOW THEM THROUGH 64 PAGES OF CRASHING ACTION AND MYSTERY ADMIDST THE GLAMOUR THAT IS HOLLYWOOD, AS THEY BATTLE TO SAVE THEIR COUNTRY FROM THE INSANE MENACE OF THE MOST HIDEOUS FOE OF ALL TIME --- THE OWL!

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
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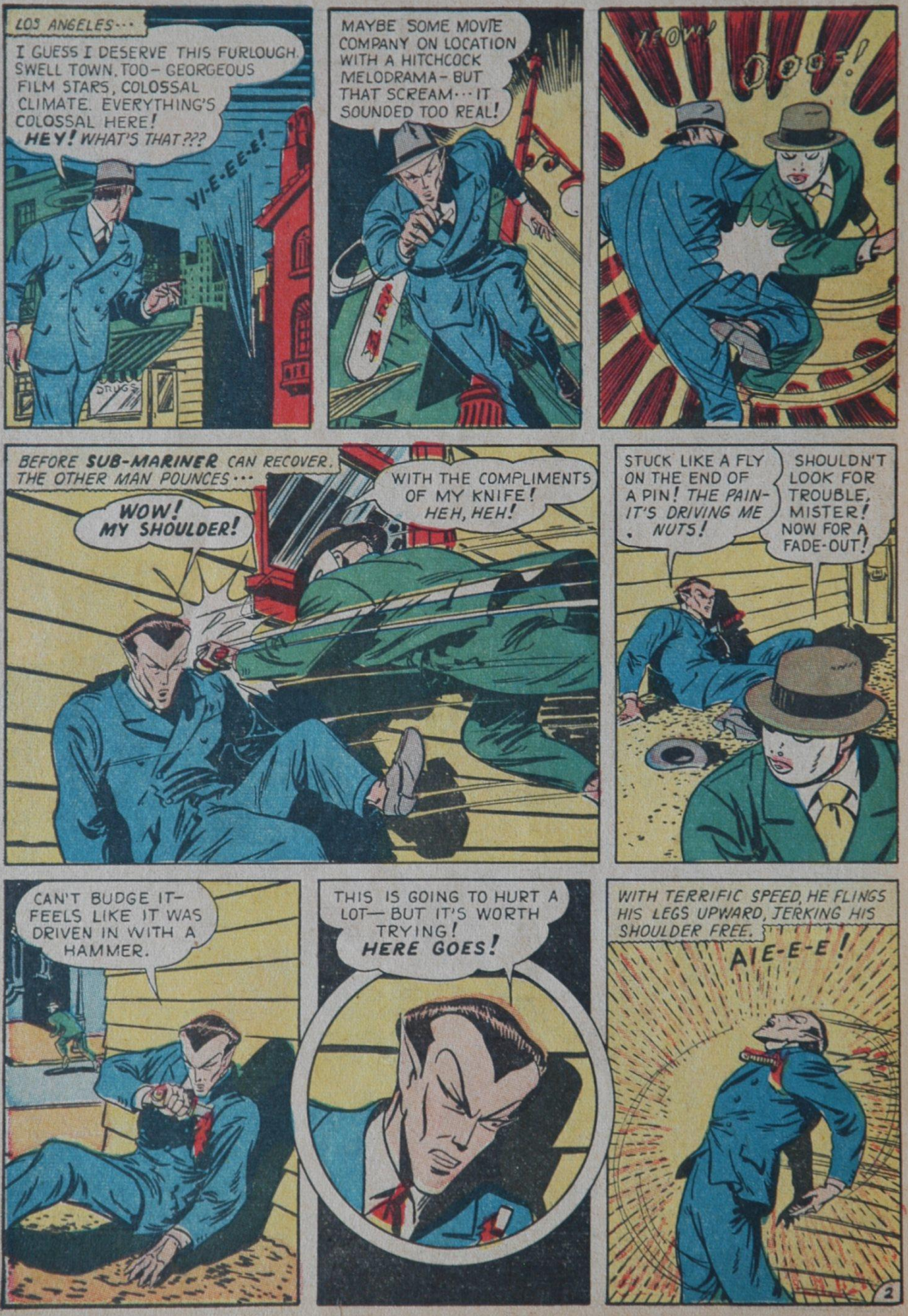
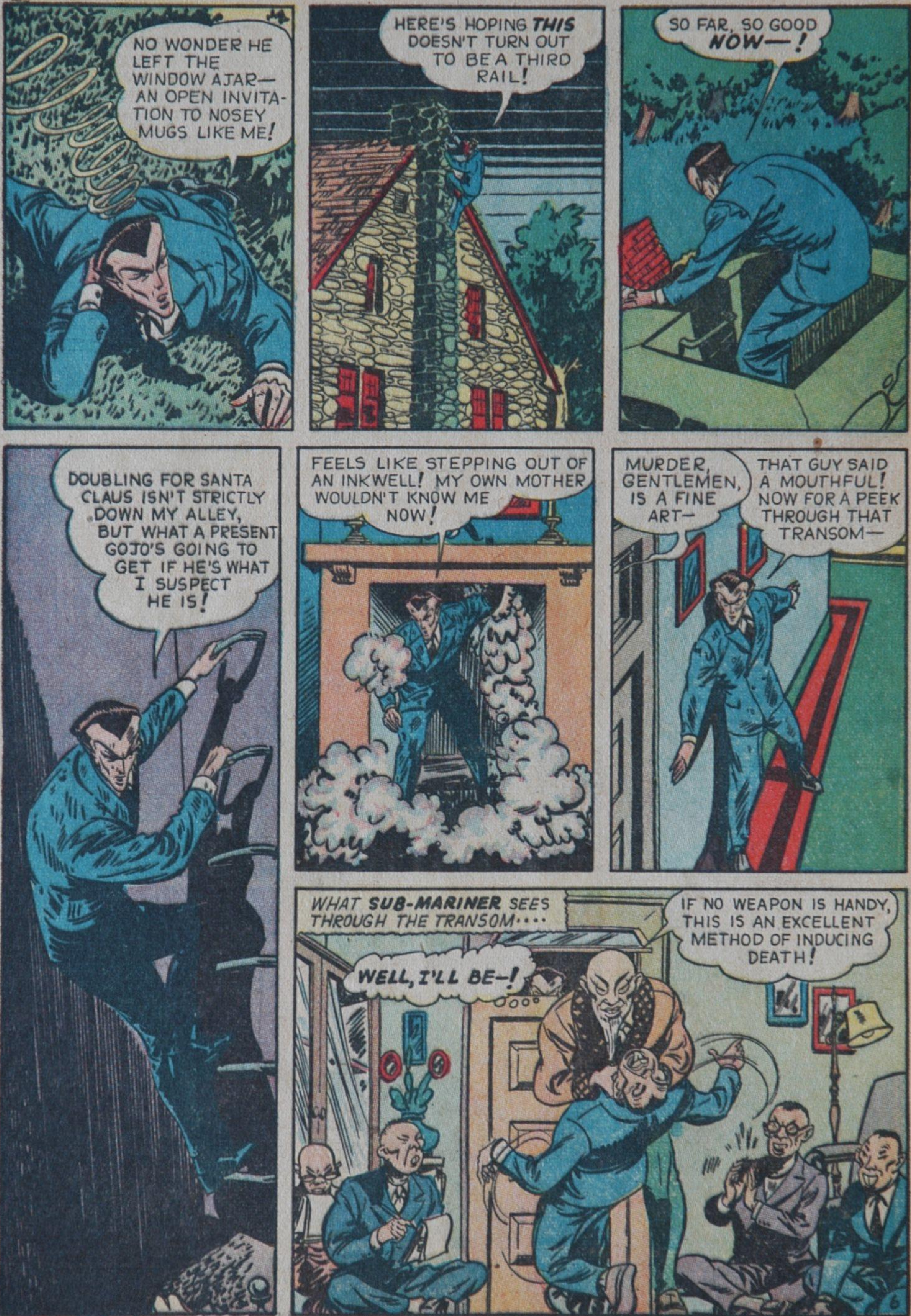
THE SUB-MARINER
COME ON, YOU OLD GOAT!
PRINCE NAMOR THE SUB-MARINER SEES A YOUNG MAN LOSE HIS HEAD IN ONE OF THE MOST HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURES OF HIS THRILL-PACKED CAREER!
in SPIES USE THEIR HEADS!


LOS ANGELES···
I GUESS I DESERVE THIS FURLOUGH. SWELL TOWN, TOO– GEORGEOUS FILM STARS, COLOSSAL CLIMATE. EVERYTHING'S COLOSSAL HERE! **HEY!** WHAT'S THAT???
YI-E-E-E-E!
DRUGS
MAYBE SOME MOVIE COMPANY ON LOCATION WITH A HITCHCOCK MELODRAMA– BUT THAT SCREAM··· IT SOUNDED TOO REAL!
YEOW!
OOOF!
BEFORE **SUB-MARINER** CAN RECOVER, THE OTHER MAN POUNCES···
WOW! MY SHOULDER!
WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF MY KNIFE! HEH, HEH!
STUCK LIKE A FLY ON THE END OF A PIN! THE PAIN– IT'S DRIVING ME NUTS!
SHOULDN'T LOOK FOR TROUBLE, MISTER! NOW FOR A FADE-OUT!
CAN'T BUDGE IT– FEELS LIKE IT WAS DRIVEN IN WITH A HAMMER.
THIS IS GOING TO HURT A LOT– BUT IT'S WORTH TRYING! **HERE GOES!**
WITH TERRIFIC SPEED, HE FLINGS HIS LEGS UPWARD, JERKING HIS SHOULDER FREE.
AIE-E-E!
2

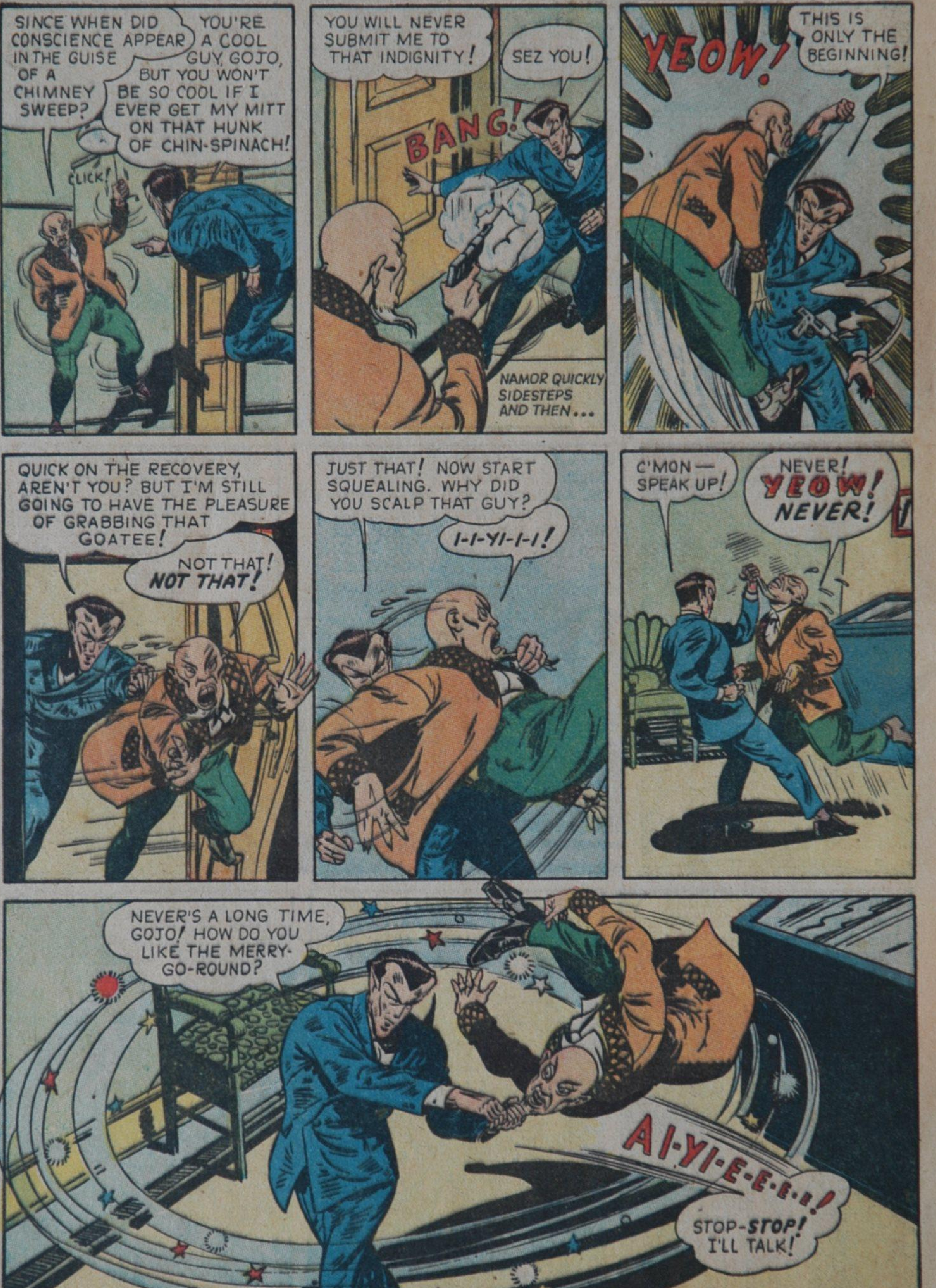
THE WORST IS YET TO COME! NOW TO GET THIS BLASTED KNIFE OUT!
AT LAST! —**WOW**, DOES MY SHOULDER BURN! IT'S GETTING FOGGY— FOGGY—
THE ONLY FOG IN THE ALLEY IS THE MERCIFUL FOG OF OBLIVION!
*BUT **SUB-MARINER'S** MIGHTY BODY HAS HIDDEN SPRINGS OF POWER—HIS STRENGTH RETURNS.*
FEEL BETTER NOW— BLEEDING'S STOPPED. NOW— WHERE'S THE GUY WHO SCREAMED?
WASHED UP! BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS FACE? ***RUBBED OUT WITH ACID!***
NO PAPERS—NOTHING TO IDENTIFY HIM— ***GREAT SCOTT! HE'S BEEN SCALPED!***
OFFICER! COME HERE, QUICK! A MAN'S JUST BEEN MURDERED— MURDERED AND SCALPED!
HUH?
SAY, BUD, YOU AIN'T BEEN SEEIN' TOO MANY O' THEM COWBOY-AND-INJUN PICTURES? OR MAYBE YOU'RE ONE OF THE WHACKS WHO WRITES THEM!
DON'T TAKE **MY** WORD FOR IT! HAVE A LOOK!
I'LL BE—! IT- IT'S TRUE! JUST LIKE THEM INJUNS—
I'VE A HUNCH IT WASN'T AN INDIAN. BUT WHOEVER IT WAS, I'M GOING AFTER HIM!

NEXT DAY...
WUXTRY! HUNDREDS OF INDIANS FROM RESERVATION GRILLED! WUXTRY!
I'LL TAKE A CHRONICLE, SON.
CHRONICLE
POLICE, SEEKING A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY, HAVE QUESTIONED JOHN FEATHER-IN-HAT, A WELL KNOWN INDIAN FILM STAR.
BUT THEY'RE ON THE WRONG TRACK. I'M SURE OF IT!
DAILY C
LATER... NAMOR TRACKS DOWN THE SOURCE OF THE KNIFE.
COME IN, MR. NAMOR MR. HARRIS WILL SEE YOU NOW.
THANKS.
J.J. HARRIS
UTLERY MFG
WHY, YES. IT WAS MADE IN OUR FACTORY. ONE OUR BEST CARVING KNIVES!
YOU'RE TELLING ME? WHAT I'M TRYING TO GET IS A LIST OF ALL YOUR RETAIL STORES.
HERE. FORTUNATELY FOR YOU, THERE AREN'T MANY. WE STOPPED MAKING KNIVES TO GO INTO DEFENSE WORK. GOOD LUCK!
THANKS. I'LL NEED IT!
SUB-MARINER MAKES A CAREFUL CANVASS OF ALL THE STORES ON THE LIST.
NOT A SINGLE CLUE, SO FAR. WE'LL HAVE ONE MORE TRY.
E. YATES TOOLS
E. YATE HARDW
YOU'LL NOTICE A SMALL DENT ON THE HANDLE. MAYBE THAT'LL REFRESH YOUR MEMORY.
WHY, YES. WE SOLD THIS AT COST BECAUSE OF THE FLAW!
PLATTER
AND WHO WAS THE CUSTOMER?
I DON'T KNOW HIS NAME, BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET HIS FACE. A WELL-DRESSED JAP, WITH BEADY EYES, AND A GOATEE!
E. YATES
A JAP WITH A GOATEE, AND A CURIOUS YEN FOR COLLECTING PEOPLE'S SCALPS! NOW, WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!

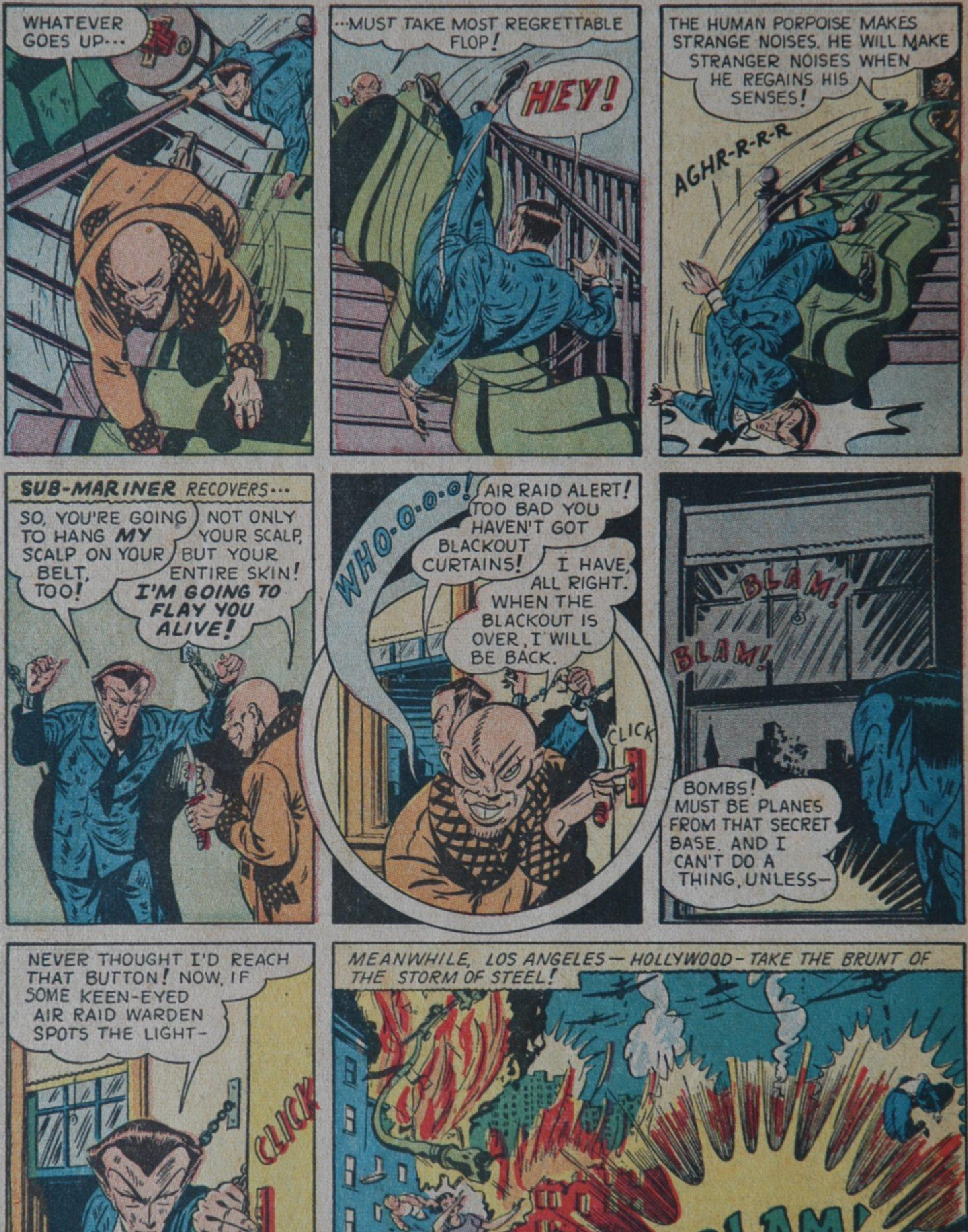
NAVY INTELLIGENCE? SUB-MARINER CALLING—
SAY, DON'T YOU EVER TAKE A REST?
NOT SINCE PEARL HARBOR! TELL ME—DID YOU EVER RUN ACROSS A JAP FASHION-PLATE SPORTING A GOATEE?
WHY, YES-
PROFESSOR GOJO. LIVES AT 22 HARRISON ROAD. NICE FELLOW. HE PLAYS BALL WITH US, SO WE GIVE HIM SPECIAL PRIVILEGES. HE HASN'T BEEN INTERNED—TOO VALUABLE TO UNCLE SAM!
THANKS!
TOO VALUABLE TO UNCLE SAM, EH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
NUMBER 22 HARRISON ROAD— I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL. IF GOJO'S ON THE LEVEL, I DON'T WANT TO BALL THINGS UP.
THAT WINDOW'S OPEN! WHAT A BREAK!
WOW!
IT'S CHARGED!
OOOOMPH!
SLAM!


NO WONDER HE LEFT THE WINDOW AJAR— AN OPEN INVITATION TO NOSEY MUGS LIKE ME!
HERE'S HOPING THIS DOESN'T TURN OUT TO BE A THIRD RAIL!
SO FAR, SO GOOD NOW—!
DOUBLING FOR SANTA CLAUS ISN'T STRICTLY DOWN MY ALLEY, BUT WHAT A PRESENT GOJO'S GOING TO GET IF HE'S WHAT I SUSPECT HE IS!
FEELS LIKE STEPPING OUT OF AN INKWELL! MY OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T KNOW ME NOW!
MURDER, GENTLEMEN, IS A FINE ART—
THAT GUY SAID A MOUTHFUL! NOW FOR A PEEK THROUGH THAT TRANSOM—
WHAT SUB-MARINER SEES THROUGH THE TRANSOM....
WELL, I'LL BE—!
IF NO WEAPON IS HANDY, THIS IS AN EXCELLENT METHOD OF INDUCING DEATH!

A LECTURE! "HOW TO LIQUIDATE A MAN" IN SIX EASY LESSONS!
THIS, GENTLEMEN, IS THE FAMOUS GOJO STROKE- PERFECTED BY YOUR TEACHER AFTER YEARS OF CONCENTRATION!
BANZAI!
AND NOW YOU WILL BE PRIVILEGED TO SEE A FEW OBJECTS FROM MY AMERICAN COLLECTION! COME!
THAT SKULL BELONGED TO AN AMERICAN SPY WITH TOO MANY BRAINS FOR HIS OWN GOOD!— NOTE THE FINGER. A WOMAN'S FINGER! LOVELY, ISN'T IT?
BEHOLD-MY PRIZE EXHIBIT! A SCALP! THE AMERICAN FOOLS THINK AN INDIAN TOOK IT! AMUSING, EH?
SOMETHING TELLS ME GOJO DIDN'T TAKE THAT SCALP FOR EXHIBITION PURPOSES.
THE LECTURE IS OVER. RETURN TO THE HIDEOUT. NEXT WEEK WE WILL GO INTO A MORE ADVANCED PHASE OF ASSASSINATION!
THOSE YOUNG RATS WERE PROBABLY SMUGGLED INTO THE COUNTRY BY RAT NO.1. AND OUR SECRET SERVICE ACTUALLY THINKS HE'S LOYAL TO THE U.S.A.!
AND NOW FOR SOME SLEEP!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAN SLEEP-WITH YOUR CONSCIENCE!
CLICK!
WHO SPOKE???
THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE, ... SNEAKING UP ON YOU AT LAST!


SINCE WHEN DID CONSCIENCE APPEAR IN THE GUISE OF A CHIMNEY SWEEP?
YOU'RE A COOL GUY, GOJO, BUT YOU WON'T BE SO COOL IF I EVER GET MY MITT ON THAT HUNK OF CHIN-SPINACH!
CLICK!
YOU WILL NEVER SUBMIT ME TO THAT INDIGNITY!
SEZ YOU!
BANG!
NAMOR QUICKLY SIDESTEPS AND THEN...
YEOW!
THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!
QUICK ON THE RECOVERY, AREN'T YOU? BUT I'M STILL GOING TO HAVE THE PLEASURE OF GRABBING THAT GOATEE!
NOT THAT! NOT THAT!
JUST THAT! NOW START SQUEALING. WHY DID YOU SCALP THAT GUY?
I-I-YI-I-I!
C'MON— SPEAK UP!
NEVER! YEOW! NEVER!
NEVER'S A LONG TIME, GOJO! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE MERRY-GO-ROUND?
AI-YI-E-E-E-E-E!
STOP-STOP! I'LL TALK!

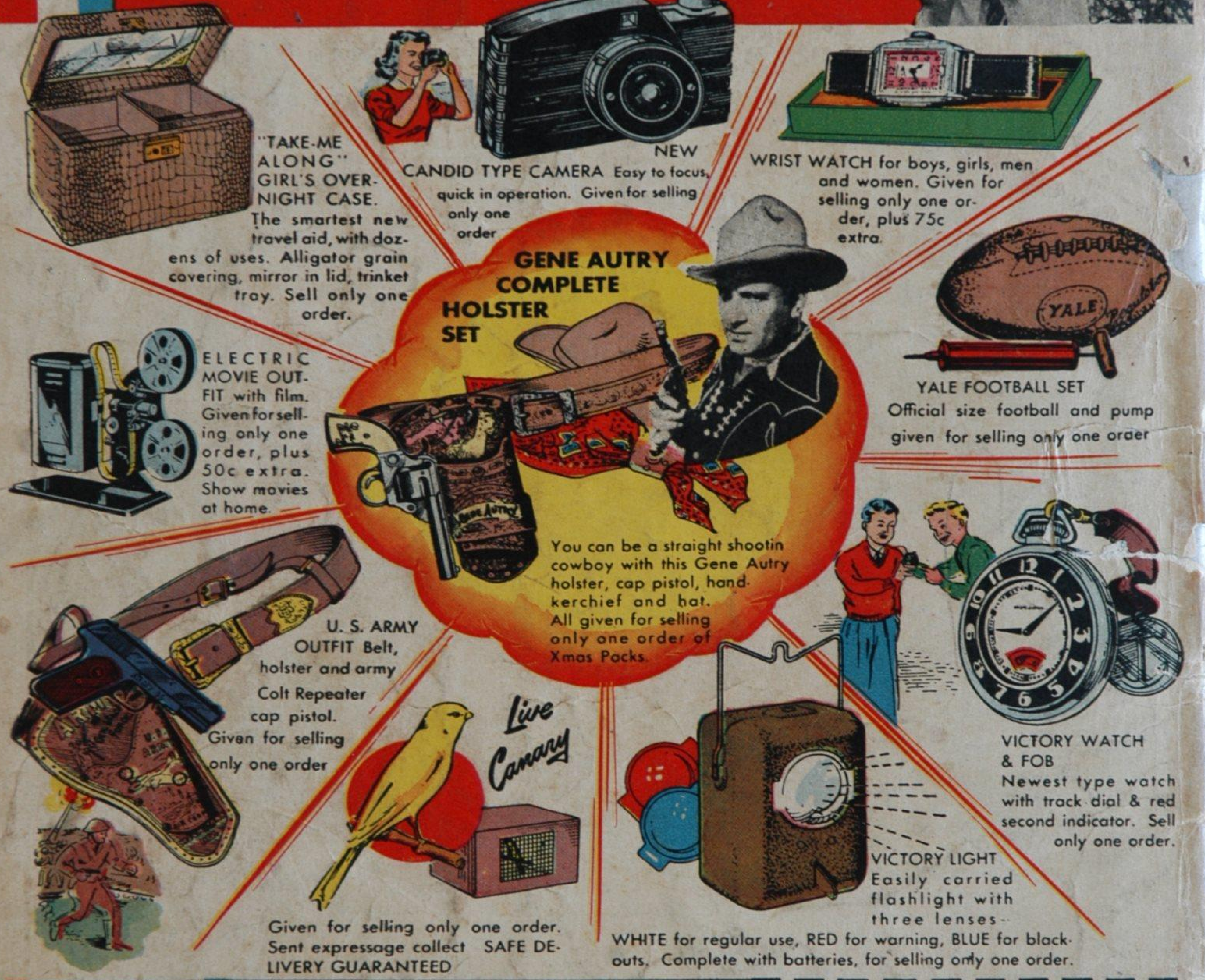
TURN THE SCALP OVER YOU WILL NOTE IT HAS BEEN SHAVEN
HOLY MACKERAL! THIS IS A MAP OF CENTRAL AMERICA!
Secret Jap air base to be used to bomb U.S coast.
10
90
PRECISELY. THE SCALP WAS THAT OF AN AMERICAN SPY IN TOKIO. HE LEARNED ABOUT OUR SECRET AIR BASE...
GOTO TELLS HIS STORY.... "HE KNEW IT WOULD BE HARD TO GET THE INFORMATION TO THE UNITED STATES. SO, WITH THE AID OF AN ACCOMPLICE..."
AS SOON AS YOU FINISH, GIVE ME A TOWEL THEN COPY OFF THE MAP
"VERY CLEVER. IN CASE OF SEARCH, THE INCRIMINATING MAP WOULD ESCAPE DETECTION."
AS SOON AS MY HAIR GROWS, I'LL START FOR HOME!
"BUT ONE OF OUR AGENTS LEARNED ABOUT IT..."
AN AMERICAN SPY IS ABOARD, RETURNING TO AMERICA, WITH OUR SECRET PLANS PRINTED ON HIS SCALP
GOOD WORK, KITO! GOJO SHALL BE ADVISED TO GET THE SCALP WHEN HE LANDS.
AS GOTO FINISHES THE TALE, HIS HAND CREEPS STEALTHILY TOWARDS A PAIR OF SCISSORS.
FINALLY, WE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM, BEFORE HE COULD CONTACT NAVY INTELLIGENCE
...I GOT HIS SCALP- AND YOU GET MY GOATEE! THAT EVENS THINGS!
WHAT THE-?
SNIP
WHEN I GET HOLD OF YOU, MY LITTLE NIPPONESE GOAT, I'M GOING TO PIN THIS ON YOUR CHIN!
THAT, HONORABLE HALIBUT, IS WHAT YOU THINK!
9


WHATEVER GOES UP---
---MUST TAKE MOST REGRETTABLE FLOP!
HEY!
THE HUMAN PORPOISE MAKES STRANGE NOISES. HE WILL MAKE STRANGER NOISES WHEN HE REGAINS HIS SENSES!
AGHR-R-R-R
SUB-MARINER RECOVERS---
SO, YOU'RE GOING TO HANG MY SCALP ON YOUR BELT, TOO!
NOT ONLY YOUR SCALP, BUT YOUR ENTIRE SKIN! I'M GOING TO FLAY YOU ALIVE!
WHO-O-O-O!
AIR RAID ALERT! TOO BAD YOU HAVEN'T GOT BLACKOUT CURTAINS!
I HAVE, ALL RIGHT. WHEN THE BLACKOUT IS OVER, I WILL BE BACK.
CLICK
BLAM!
BLAM!
BOMBS! MUST BE PLANES FROM THAT SECRET BASE. AND I CAN'T DO A THING, UNLESS—
NEVER THOUGHT I'D REACH THAT BUTTON! NOW, IF SOME KEEN-EYED AIR RAID WARDEN SPOTS THE LIGHT-
CLICK
MEANWHILE, LOS ANGELES—HOLLYWOOD—TAKE THE BRUNT OF THE STORM OF STEEL!
BLAM!

AS THE BOMB BLASTS COMES CLOSER, AN AIR RAID WARDEN SPOTS THE LIGHT IN NAMOR'S WINDOW!...
HEY! PUT THAT LIGHT OUT!
I WOULD IF I COULD— BUT I CAN'T!
DON'T STAND THERE GAPING. GET SOME COPS—AND A SLEDGE HAMMER.
OKAY!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
DOUSE THE GLIM, JOE. WE'LL WORK BY FLASHLIGHT!
FREED, SUB-MARINER LEADS THE POLICE DOWNSTAIRS...
THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE GOJO'D BE AT A TIME LIKE THIS—IN THE CELLAR, WITH THE REST OF THE RATS!
I HEARD YOUR FOOTSTEPS. BENZAI!
HE KNEW THE JIG WAS UP, SO HE COMMITTED HARI-KARI!
NEXT DAY, SUB-MARINER SAILS SOUTHWARD WITH A SMALL FLEET.
WITH GOJO DEAD, AND HIS 'STUDENTS' ROUNDED UP, ALL WE HAVE TO IS TO FIND THE ISLAND!
BY OUR CALCULATIONS, WE SHOULDN'T BE FAR AWAY
ISLAND TO STARBOARD!
ALL HANDS TO BATTLE STATIONS!
BUT THE FLEET IS SPOTTED! UP FROM THE ISLAND RISES A HORDE OF PLANES!
THE BOLD STUPIDITY OF THESE AMERICANS! WE WILL BLOT THEM OFF THE FACE OF THE MAP!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED!
GIVE ME THE BIGGEST BOMB YOU'VE GOT, AND WE'LL LET NATURE DO THE REST!
WOW! ANOTHER FOOT CLOSER, AND I'D BE STRUMMING A HARP!
REACHING THE ISLAND UNSCATHED, HE SNEAKS UP THE MOUNTAIN.
THAT VOLCANO'S DEAD. BUT MAYBE WE CAN BRING THE DEAD TO LIFE!
THAT TIME FUSE OUGHT TO GO OFF ANY SECOND!
A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION RIPS OFF THE LID OF COLD LAVA, UNLEASHING AN INFERNO THAT DESTROYS THE ISLAND.
WHAM!
AI-YI-I-I-I!
YI-I-I-I!
YAP!
BATTERED, BUT TRIUMPHANT, THE AMERICAN FLEET TURNS HOMEWARD!
THE END OF THE ISLAND - AS WELL AS THE BATTLE!
YOU RATE THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL FOR THIS!
SUB-MARINER HONORED!
RIGHT!
AND WE, THE PUBLISHERS OF ALL WINNERS ARE HONORED TO HAVE HIM BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE AS WELL AS IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS

FROM THE SCREEN TO YOU!!
TERRY-TOONS
BIG FIRST ISSUE
NOW ON SALE
GAMES
LAFFS
THRILLS
PUZZLES
JOKES
COLOR
LEE
TERRY-TOONS
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND EVERY MONTH!



CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!
Get it the American Way

"TAKE-ME ALONG" GIRL'S OVER-NIGHT CASE. The smartest new travel aid, with dozens of uses. Alligator grain covering, mirror in lid, trinket tray. Sell only one order.

NEW CANDID TYPE CAMERA Easy to focus, quick in operation. Given for selling only one order

WRIST WATCH for boys, girls, men and women. Given for selling only one order, plus 75c extra.

GENE AUTRY COMPLETE HOLSTER SET

You can be a straight shootin cowboy with this Gene Autry holster, cap pistol, handkerchief and hat. All given for selling only one order of Xmas Packs.

ELECTRIC MOVIE OUTFIT with film. Given for selling only one order, plus 50c extra. Show movies at home.

YALE FOOTBALL SET Official size football and pump given for selling only one order

U. S. ARMY OUTFIT Belt, holster and army Colt Repeater cap pistol. Given for selling only one order

Live Canary

Given for selling only one order. Sent expressage collect SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED

VICTORY WATCH & FOB Newest type watch with track dial & red second indicator. Sell only one order.

VICTORY LIGHT Easily carried flashlight with three lenses-WHITE for regular use, RED for warning, BLUE for black-outs. Complete with batteries, for selling only one order.

OTHER PRIZES YOU CAN GET by our plan, as explained in our Big Prize Catalog.

- Airplanes
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- Ice Skates
- Electric Football Game
- Gene Autry Guitar
- Mantle Clock
- Electric Lamp
- G-Man Set
- "Sleepy-head" Doll
- Chemistry Set
- 32-pc. Dinner Set
- World Globe

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY "AMERICAN" WAY!

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It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Catalog.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Catalog—tell us what prize you want. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

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My choice of prize is__________

Name__________

Street Address or R.F.D. Box__________

City__________

State__________